★ Feb. 1, 1941

THE NEW YORKER

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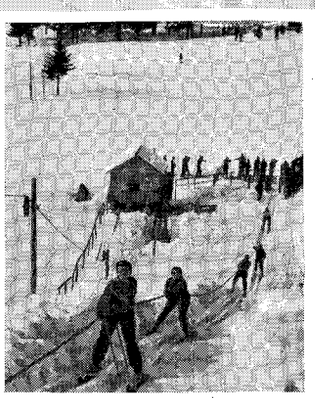
LOST— ONE SNOWPLOW!

Somewhere up at Lac Beauport Snow Bowl, it's buried. You know that strenuous old method of skiing. You slow up by making a V, and you thought it fundamental... until up at *Chateau Frontenac Ski-Hawk School* this wonderful new *Parallel* technique of control was developed!



When 9 out of 10 beginners learn to ski in a week . . . you've got something! And they do. This *Parallel* business has polished me up till I look almost professional. I can do lots more every day now . . . especially since they've got *two* ski-tows at the Bowl!

Back to the *Chateau Frontenac* . . . cosy, perfectly run, more like a happy country house-party than a hotel. Being a *Chateau* guest makes you a member of the easy-going *Ski-Hawk Club*. Lots of fun, sitting around in ski-clothes, chewing over the day's run and humming tunes along with the Ski-Hawk Trio.

If you've got energy left...there's a toboggan-slide outside the *Frontenac* door and a skating-rink. But I'm staying inside tonight to dance to that smooth band in the *Frontenac's* Jacques Cartier room. Wheee, did I get a sun-tan today out at the Bowl!

Sightseeing is fun when it's done with fur robes and ting-a-ling bells. This 17th Century French city of *Québec* is extra beautiful in Winter. All the handicrafts and furs and woolens in the shops make you want to buy and buy.

Come on up over Lincoln's or Washington's Birthday

All-Expense Trips from New York

10-DAY SKI-WEEK, $99.75

5-DAY WEEK-END, $63.50

Including lower berth, round-trip, all meals, room at the *Chateau*, ski-bus. Reservations at any Canadian Pacific office. In New York: 344 Madison Ave., VA. 6-4444.

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Chateau Frontenac

A Canadian Pacific Hotel in Friendly Old Québec

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is just about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Charley's Aunt—Remarkable direction and a splendid performance by José Ferrer make this old relic something you're almost certain to enjoy. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Feb. 2, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

The Corn Is Green—Miss Ethel Barrymore gets hold of a young Welsh miner and educates him, somewhat against his will. An occasionally moving play, always magnificently acted. The supporting cast includes Richard Waring, Rhys Williams, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Flight to the West—A planeload of assorted characters on their way from Lisbon to New York debate the struggle against Fascism. Elmer Rice's new play has its eloquent moments, although nothing much happens. Betty Field, Arnold Moss, Paul Hernried, and Hugh Marlowe are among those who appear in the Playwrights' second production of the season. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

George Washington Slept Here—George Kaufman and Moss Hart present a very diverting explanation of what people who move to the country can expect. The excellent cast includes Ernest Truex, Jean Dixon, and Dudley Digges. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Fri., Feb. 7, at 2:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. A very pleasant comedy, based on Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—This is the play about Mr. Woollcott, and very funny it is, too. Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart did the writing and Monty Woolley plays the great man. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Mr. and Mrs. North—Mrs. North solves two murders and also puts the Homicide Squad in its place. Peggy Conklin and Albert Hackett head the cast in this excellent dramatization of a mystery story by Frances and Richard Lockridge. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's stories adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine comedy, with Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. George Kaufman's direction is magnificent. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Old Acquaintance—John van Druten's comedy about a feud between two literary ladies is agreeable and civilized, though a trifle thin in spots. Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood fence as skillfully as possible. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Separate Rooms—Something about a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a little dog. Pleasant enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

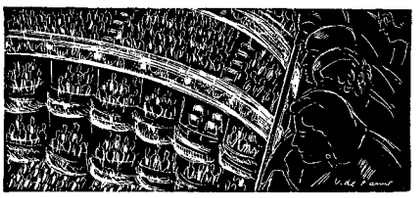
Tobacco Road—Eighth year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Twelfth Night—The Theatre Guild's first production of the season is worth seeing for a very touching performance by Helen Hayes and a very subtle one by Maurice Evans. They are supported by June Walker and Mark Smith, among others. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Tues. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Boys and Girls Together—Ed Wynn as Ed Wynn in an engaging and handsome revue. He is helped along from time to time by Jane Pickens, Dave Apollon, the De Marcos, and two wonderful acrobats. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Cabin in the Sky—Ethel Waters in an all-Negro musical fantasy which is fine, though occasionally a bit elaborate. Todd Duncan, Dooley Wilson, Rex Ingram, and Katherine Dunham support her competently. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8.

Hellz-a-Poppin—Mr. O. and Mr. J. just as active as they were back in 1938, when all this started. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Hold On to Your Hats—Al Jolson reviving "Mammy," "Sonny Boy," and practically anything else your old-fashioned heart desires. The plot isn't much, but who cares? Martha Raye, Jack Whiting, and Bert Gordon assist energetically. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., Feb. 1.)

It Happens on Ice—Sonja Henie, who doesn't appear personally, sponsored this skating show, which starts off by being very exciting and then gets somewhat tiresome. Joe Cook has been employed to supply a little comic relief. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence, skipping back and forth between her psychoanalyst's office and the dreamworld, is magnificent in Moss Hart's musical fantasy. Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin wrote the songs, and Albertina Rasch is responsible for the choreography. With Danny Kaye, Macdonald Carey, Victor Mature, and Bert Lytell. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—Vera Zorina, William Gaxton, Irene Bordoni, and a lot of other people try to hamper Victor Moore in his efforts to clean up New Orleans. A superior musical comedy, with a book by Morrie Ryskind and songs by Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Meet the People—The girls and the music in this Hollywood revue are both attractive enough, and you will probably have a pretty good time, even if a lot of it is familiar and some of it dull. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Pal Joey—John O'Hara's *New Yorker* character transplanted to a musical comedy in which he remains the perfect heel. A very original and satisfactory piece of work, with some superior songs by Rodgers and Hart. Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, June Havoc, and Leila Ernst are prominent in the dirty work. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman in an excellent musical comedy that has something to do with love and intrigue in the Canal Zone. Cole Porter wrote the songs, and the cast includes Arthur Treacher, Phyllis Brooks, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Tanyard Street—A play by Louis D'Alton, with Barry Fitzgerald, Margo, and Aideen O'Connor. Produced by Jack Kirkland. Opens Tues., Feb. 4. (Little, 44, W. LA 4-1291. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. the first week, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Liberty Jones—A play by Philip Barry, with John Beal. Produced by the Theatre Guild. Opens Wed., Feb. 5. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Boudoir—A play by Jacques Deval, with Helen Twelvetrees and Taylor Holmes. Staged by Mr. Deval. Opens Thurs., Feb. 6. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

DANCE RECITALS

Argentinita—The Spanish dancer, assisted by her company, in a program of native dances: Fri. and Sat. Eves., Feb. 7-8, at 8:40. (51st Street, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545.)

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman—These modern dancers, with a supporting company, are giving a series of programs in their new studio theatre on Sat. and Sun. Eves. at 8:45. (31 W. 10. CH 2-9819.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is dignified but nice, with Larry Siry's orchestra playing nice, dignified music. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Within its narrow yet comfortable confines, you'll find Carol Bruce and Gerry Morton's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A pleasant addition to the local tropics, with Elvira Rios, Patricia Bowman, Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, a rumba band, and white palm trees.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Some call it home. Chauncey Grey's orchestra and Don De Vodi's rumba band.

Fefé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—This started out as one of the best, and has never faltered. Ted Straeter's orchestra. Must dress, unless you're just going to sit in the bar.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A luxurious spot for an hour or an evening. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Park Lane, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—If you like Viennese waltzes, the Tapestry Room, which is open until about 10 P.M. (until midnight, Thurs.), is as good a place as any to go and hear them. They're played by Herbert Hagenor and his orchestra.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra, Chiquito's rumba band, and a show which includes Mary Raye and Naldi are in the Persian Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Radio City's aerial nook offers Ben Cutler's orchestra and a show. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra keeps right on playing in the informal Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room is holding out stoutly against the trend toward the tropics with an ice show headed by Dorothy Lewis and Hazel Franklin. Hal Saunders' orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—John Buckmaster will replace Hildegarde in the Café Lounge on Fri., Jan. 31. Bob Grant's orchestra will remain.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Well, a new room's been added—the Stork Cub. Otherwise, things go on as usual, with music by Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one on the East Side, with a touch of Broadway about it. Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Yvette sings, Russell Swann makes white rabbits disappear, and Leighton Noble's orchestra plays—all in the informal Empire Room. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for dinner dancing in the Sert Room, which is informal, too.

Supper Clubs—For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**Le Ruban Bleu**, 4 E.

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56 (EL 5-9787): a bandbox of a place, where the proceedings always have that little extra something. . . . SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): intermittent songs and such, with Spivy herself being heard from once in a while. . . . ALGONQUIN, 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): sometime during the evening the Oak Room becomes a supper club, with piano-playing, singing, and just about as many after-theatre patrons as can squeeze in. Closed Mon. . . . BREVOORT, 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): Elsie Houston singing weird South American folk songs. No entertainment Mon. . . . PENTHOUSE CLUB, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a view of Central Park, a pleasant-smelling log fire, and incidental music.

MISCELLANEOUS—At LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an inviting spot to try for a casual good time. Music by Harold Nagel's orchestra. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): two orchestras, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . . MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): a favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too. The Tisdale Trio is there now. . . . LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a shrine of the rumba- and conga-worshippers, with Danny Kaye (at the supper hour), Roy Fox's orchestra, and, of course, a rumba band. Closed Mon. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a swing place, with such capable Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's band. . . . LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): one flight down, with South American entertainment and Jack Harris's orchestra. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy for dropping into after a concert—it's practically part of Carnegie Hall. . . . BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Bonnie Baker and Orrin Tucker's orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Joe Reichman's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra and an ice show. Fill-in band Mon. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded cranny, with a mite of a dance floor and Art Barker's orchestra. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): if you don't mind smoke-filled cellars, you'll probably enjoy the entertainment, which consists of the Revuers (except Mon.) and Zutty Singleton's Trio (except Tues.). . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): nostalgic Billy Rose entertainment, with Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge. . . . GAY WHITE WAY, B'way at 48 (CI 7-4400): George White mixes the past with the present in a show which includes Joan Edwards and Ann Pennington. Shep Fields' and Fausto Curbelo's orchestras. . . . BEACHCOMBER, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): South Sea atmosphere and a show headed by Carmen Amaya, a gypsy dancer. . . . HURRICANE, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical one, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and various entertainers. . . . HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place. . . . 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White, Frankie Hyers, and Pat Harrington aren't any too fastidious about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At the HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra, Adele Girard, and the Spirits of Rhythm will be replaced by Lew Holden's orchestra on Fri., Jan. 31. Fill-in band Mon. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Sister Tharpe, Art Tatum, Meade Lux Lewis, and Red Allen's band. Closed Mon. . . . KELLY'S STABLE, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Billie Holiday and, except Tues., Coleman Hawkins' orchestra and the Clarence Profit Trio are all on the bill. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Benny Carter's orchestra is here, except Mon.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and QUEEN MARY, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Polish: POLISH RESTAURANT, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: KRETCHMA, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and CLUB GAUCHO, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

AMERICAN HUMOR—Lively show of prints and drawings, ranging from broadsides done at the time of the Revolution to works of the present day: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Jan. 31.

AMERICANS—At the DOUTHITT, 9 E. 57: an admirable George Inness and an attractive Luks in a selection of nineteenth-century canvases from the John F. Braun collection. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 1. . . . DOWNTOWN, 43 E. 51: paintings, all having to do with musical subjects, by a variety of nineteenth-century and contemporary artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 1.

BRAQUE—Oils—a number of them really important—done between 1920 and 1939: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 8.

BRITISH AND AMERICANS—A large, rather rambling exhibition, for the benefit of English artists, which contains some interesting things by a number of lesser-known people: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 21.

CAMPRUBI—Lightly handled, luminous oils, including some attractive child studies: Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 12.

DE REGIL AND SANDERS—Surrealist paintings, glaring in color and lively in conception, by De Regil; witty "psychological portraits" in ink by Sanders: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 10.

EL GRECO—A loan show, for Greek war relief, of paintings taken mostly from American collections: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 15.

EUROPEANS—At the PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: paintings and sculptures, with music as their theme, from the sixteenth-century Bernardino Strozzi to such moderns as Juan Gris and Chagall. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Jan. 31. . . . NIERENDORF, 18 E. 57: forty oils and ten water colors and gouaches by Paul Klee. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 1.

EUROPEANS AND AMERICANS—A fine Dufy and a singular early Matisse are the features of an otherwise random collection: Sterner, 9 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 15.

FRENCH—At the FRENCH ART, 51 E. 57: a nice, early Monet and some attractive Pissarros in a collection of Impressionist and post-Impressionist landscapes. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 15. . . . BIGNOU, 32 E. 57: a British War Relief Society benefit showing of landscapes by nineteenth-century French artists, including five excellent Pissarros. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 8. . . . MATISSE, 41 E. 57: Matisse, Picasso, Braque, Rouault, and other members of the Paris school. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 8.

HOPPER—Early paintings, from 1907 to 1914, surprisingly close to his later works in subject and general feeling: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 1.

LEE—A new group of her quirky, curiously ironic canvases: Walker, 108 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Feb. 7.

MACLET—Memorial exhibition of paintings by an artist who, like van Gogh, went mad, and whose works show much the same tension: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 1.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Loan exhibition of Islamic miniature paintings and drawings, from the collection of Mrs. George D. Pratt. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

MONET—The artist's garden, portrayed in his own paintings: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Jan. 31.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A show of American Indian art that includes some handsome carvings, paintings, metalwork, and sculpture, in addition to baskets and blankets. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 27.

O'KEEFFE—New paintings, mainly of Southwestern scenes: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 11.

ROTENBERG—Solidly conventional landscapes of Canada, including the Gaspé region: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 1.

SCHATZ—First showing here of oils by a Palestinian painter who, successfully for the most part, pushes expressionism almost to the point of abstractionism: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 8.

VLAMINCK—Early and late paintings in a group that provides some interesting contrasts: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 8.

WATER COLORS—At the MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: pleasant pieces by Miron Sokole, William Palmer, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 1. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: an absorbing Eakins portrait in a group that ranges from nineteenth-century to contemporary artists. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 8.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—The big, and this time excellent, annual of contemporary American sculpture, water colors, drawings, and prints. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

HERE AND THERE—At the UPTOWN, 249 West End Ave., at 72: oils and water colors by Leon P. Smith. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., Feb. 6. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS', 711 5 Ave., at 55: paintings by Stefan Hirsch. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 10. . . . MAYER, 41 E. 57: paintings by Federico Cantú. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 8. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64: paintings and drawings by Ernst and Karin Van Leyden. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 15. . . . A.C.A., 52 W. 8: recent paintings by Abraham Harriton. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 8. . . . ARGENT, 42 W. 57: paintings, sculptures, and other works by members of the Society of Women Geographers. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 15. . . . ARTISTS', 113 W. 13: water colors by John Clarkson. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Tues. and Thurs. Eves., 8 to 10); Sun., 3 to 6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Feb. 10.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Walter conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 30, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 31, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 1, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Feb. 2, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Feb. 6, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 7, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 8, at 8:45. (Soloists: Szigeti, Jan. 30-31 and Feb. 2; Aitken, Feb. 1; Hofmann, Feb. 6-7; Schuster, Feb. 8.)

ST. OLAF CHOIR—Christiansen conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 31, at 8:30.

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Weissmann conducting the Music Project orchestra: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Feb. 2, at 8:45.

NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Kindler conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 4, at 8:40.

CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA—Rodzinski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Feb. 5, at 8:45. (Soloist: Heifetz.)

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Alexander Brailowsky, Sat. Aft., Feb. 1, at 2:30; Tito Schipa, Mon. Eve., Feb. 3, at 8:30.

TOWN HALL—Jussi Bjoerling, Fri. Eve., Jan. 31, at 8:30; Yella Pessl and Elsie Houston, Sat. Eve., Feb. 1, at 8:30; New Friends of Music (Lotte Lehmann), Sun. Aft., Feb. 2, at 5:30; Margaret Speaks, Wed. Eve., Feb. 5, at 8:30; Henri Deering and Francis Macmillen, Sat. Eve., Feb. 8, at 8:30.

ELSEWHERE—Brooklyn Academy of Music: Alexander Kipnis, Tues. Eve., Feb. 4, at 8:30. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

NOTE—The League of Composers will present a free concert of modern American music at the New York Public Library, Sun. Aft., Feb. 2, at 3. For tickets, write to the League of Composers, 113 W. 57.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Alceste," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 30; "Lohengrin," Fri. Aft., Jan. 31; "Don Pasquale," Fri. Eve., Jan. 31; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Aft., Feb. 1; "Carmen," Sat. Eve., Feb. 1; "Otello," Mon. Eve., Feb. 3; "Le Nozze di Figaro," Wed. Eve., Feb. 5; "Tannhäuser," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 6; "Das Rheingold," Fri. Aft., Feb. 7; "L'Amore dei Tre Re," Fri. Eve., Feb. 7; "Tristan und Isolde," Sat. Aft., Feb. 8; "Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., Feb. 8. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or two before the performance, so it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office. PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Joe Louis vs. Red Burman, for the heavyweight title, Fri. Eve., Jan. 31; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (15 rounds) at about 10. . . . Billy Soose vs. Ernie Vigh, middleweights, Fri. Eve., Feb. 7; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (10 rounds) at about 10.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, at 8:30 P.M.: Americans vs. Chicago, Thurs., Jan. 30; Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sun., Feb. 2; Americans vs. Rangers, Tues., Feb. 4; Rangers vs. Chicago, Thurs., Feb. 6. . . . Amateur-series game: Sun., Feb. 2, at 1:30 P.M.

HOUND SHOW—The yearly benefit for the Hunt Servants Foundation, sponsored by the National Beagle Club and the Masters of Foxhounds Association: Riding and Polo Club, 7 W. 66, Fri., Jan. 31, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

TRACK—Madison Square Garden: Millrose A.A. Meet, Sat. Eve., Feb. 1, at 8.

WINTER CARNIVALS—At Dartmouth, Fri. and Sat.,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Feb. 7-8. . . . At Princeton, Sat., Feb. 8, at 8:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

PUBLIC BALLS—The New Decade Mardi Gras Ball, formerly called the President's Birthday Ball, for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis: Waldorf-Astoria, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 30, at 9. . . . The Blue Ridge Ball, for the Blue Ridge Industrial School: Hotel Plaza, Fri. Eve., Jan. 31, at 10. . . . Old Guard Ball: Hotel Commodore, Fri. Eve., Jan. 31, at 8. . . . The Scotch Ball, for the British-American Ambulance Corps: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Jan. 31, at 10. . . . The Russian Ball, for the Russian Student Fund: Hotel Plaza, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 6, at 10. . . . Canadian Women's Club Ball: Hotel Plaza, Fri. Eve., Feb. 7, at 10.

SCALE MODELS—Miniature trains, ships, airplanes, and such in the annual show of the New York Society of Model Engineers: 152 W. 42, Fri., Feb. 7, through Sat., Feb. 22. Sat. and holidays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 1 to 10 P.M.

GROLIER CLUB—An exhibition of books and manuscripts dealing with sports from the fourteenth century to the present day: 47 E. 60. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Tues., Feb. 4.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Sixteenth- and seventeenth-century editions of Shakespeare and other rare books, collected by the late Darwin P. Kingsley: Thurs. Eve., Jan. 30, at 8:15. . . . English furniture and porcelains, Georgian silver, tapestries, and Oriental rugs, owned by Miss Helen G. Ferguson: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 31-Feb. 1, at 2.

NOTE—The last day on which you may drive with 1940 licence plates is Fri., Jan. 31.

ON THE AIR

BOXING—Joe Louis vs. Red Burman, for the heavyweight title: Fri. Eve., Jan. 31, at 10, WJZ.

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci": Sat. Aft., Feb. 1, at 2, WJZ.

SYMPHONIC MUSIC—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, Thurs. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Fri. Afts. at 3:15, WOR. . . . Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, Fri. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Sat. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . N.B.C. String Symphony, Black conducting, Sun. Afts. at 2, WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Walter conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC. . . . Joseph Szigeti, Sun. Eves. at 7, WOR. . . . Ford Symphony, Sun. Eves. at 9, WABC.

THIS AND THAT—Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell, Thurs. Eves. at 9, WEAF. . . . Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . "Information Please," Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . André Kostelanetz and Albert Spalding, Sun. Afts. at 4:30, WABC. . . . Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF. . . . George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Artie Shaw's orchestra, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

MOTION PICTURES

ANGELS OVER BROADWAY—Ben Hecht's neat, spry film of low-life high jinks, with Rita Hayworth, Thomas Mitchell, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., Feb. 2-5. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 4-5.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE—A racy French item, which has a great deal of charm, about a peasant (Raimu) who has wife trouble. (World, 153 W. 49.)

ESCAPE—Norma Shearer, Nazimova, Conrad Veidt, and Robert Taylor are among those to be found in this screen version of the stirring Ethel Vance novel of Nazi Germany. Well handled. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Jan. 31-Feb. 2.)

FANTASIA—Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse, interpreted by Stokowski with his symphony orchestra, by Deems Taylor in a professorial rôle, and, of course, by Walt Disney at suitable moments. Very grand and exalted. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH—This masterly screening of the Steinbeck book has received the New York Film Critics' award as the finest picture of 1940. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Feb. 1-4.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR—Charlie Chaplin's dissertation on the great problem of the day, with many a delightful suggestion of the old Chaplin, too. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

HIGH SIERRA—Humphrey Bogart as a killer in the Dillinger and Esposito style, with Ida Lupino as the sad little heroine. Not unusual, but exciting. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

KITTY FOYLE—The beautiful working girl—eloquently interpreted by Ginger Rogers—and her peculiar problems, especially as regards the men, both rich and poor. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8.

THE LETTER—More drama and more Bette Davis, and both enthralling A fine adaptation of Somerset Maugham's play of Singapore scandal, with Gale Sondergaard, Herbert Marshall, and James Stephenson also helping out. (Carlton, B'way at 100; through Sun., Feb. 2. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 31-Feb. 3. . . . Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 2-3. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 5-6.)

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME—Eugene O'Neill's famous early one-act plays made into a stately and sombre film, interpreted and directed by John Ford. Of the sea, the men upon it, and the current war zone. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 1-3. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Feb. 3-4.)

NIGHT TRAIN—Another British thriller of spies, Berlin, and the outbreak of war—a general, wild hullabaloo. Very exciting indeed, with Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

PASTOR HALL—German gentlefolk and the tragedy that followed the emergence of Hitler among them. With Nova Pilbeam, Sir Seymour Hicks, Wilfrid Lawson, and an air of sombre distinction. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Feb. 3. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Jan. 31-Feb. 2. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 31-Feb. 3.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY—Katharine Hepburn, with Cary Grant, in a triumphant rendering of the Barry play, and never better on the screen in her life. Altogether, a superior picture. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Feb. 5.)

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD—Sabu and Conrad Veidt and the "Arabian Nights," all lushly Technicolored. Flying carpets, a djinni, and so on are, of course, included. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Feb. 1. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Mon. through Wed., Feb. 3-5.)

NOTE—"They Spent Xmas Under Fire," Quentin Reynolds' ten-minute documentary film of London during the holidays, is being shown at the Strand, B'way at 47.

REVIVALS

BRINGING UP BABY (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sun. through Tues., Feb. 2-4.)

DIAMOND JIM (1935)—Jim Brady, naturally. With Edward Arnold. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 2-3.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1938)—German prisons in the last war. Eric von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. French. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. through Fri., Feb. 5-7.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Tues., Feb. 1-4.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the Revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Jan. 30.)

IN NAME ONLY (1939)—Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, and Cary Grant in the usual triangle mess. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 4-5.)

IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD (1939)—With Claudette Colbert, as a funny poet, and James Stewart. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., Feb. 1.)

MAYERLING (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sat., Feb. 1.)

THE MORTAL STORM (1940)—Hitler's effect on one German family. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Jan. 31.)

REBECCA (1940)—Hitchcock's version of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Jan. 31. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. through Sat., Feb. 5-8.)

SCARFACE (1932)—Early gangster piece. Paul Muni and George Raft. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 4-6.)

TWENTIETH CENTURY (1934)—From the Hecht-MacArthur play. John Barrymore and Carole Lombard. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Feb. 1.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing a series of American comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M. On **THURS., JAN. 30**: "Bombshell," with Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, and Franchot Tone. **FRI., JAN. 31**: "Million Dollar Legs," with Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Lyda Roberti, and Ben Turpin. **SAT., FEB. 1**: "Trouble in Paradise," with Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, and Herbert Marshall **SUN., FEB 2**: "Hands Up," with Raymond Griffith and Marian Nixon, and "Two Tars," with Laurel and Hardy. **MON., FEB. 3**: "High and Dizzy," with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis; "The Navigator," with Buster Keaton; and "Dream of a Rarebit Fiend." **TUES., FEB. 4**: "He Comes Up Smiling" and "A Modern Musketeer," both with Douglas Fairbanks. **WED., FEB. 5**: four 1915 Chaplin films. **THURS., FEB. 6**: four 1916 Chaplin films. **FRI., FEB. 7**: four 1917 Chaplin films. **SAT., FEB. 8**: "The Thin Man," with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who look ahead.)

BOXING—Golden Gloves finals, Madison Square Garden, March 3. . . . Joe Louis vs. Gus Dorazio, Philadelphia, Feb. 17.

DOG SHOW—Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, Feb. 11-12.

FLOWER SHOW—Grand Central Palace, March 17-22.

GOLF—Annual International Four-Ball Championship, Miami, March 2-5. . . . United North and South Open Championship, Pinehurst, N.C., March 18-20.

HUNT RACES—Sandhills Steeplechase and Racing Association, Southern Pines, N.C., March 15. . . . Aiken Mile Track Association, Aiken, S.C., March 22. . . . Carolina Cup, Camden, S.C., March 29.

INDOOR TRACK—Madison Square Garden: N.Y.A.C. Meet, Feb. 15. . . . National A.A.U. Championships, Feb. 22. . . . Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. Championships, March 1. . . . K. of C. Meet, March 8.

MUSIC—At **CARNEGIE HALL**: Philharmonic-Symphony, Walter conducting, Feb. 9; Barbirolli conducting, Feb. 13 through May 4 (special concerts: composers conducting their own works, Feb. 12; Damrosch conducting, Feb. 20-21). Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Feb. 14 and 15 (Aft.), and March 13 and 15 (Aft.). Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Feb. 11 and March 11; Iturbi conducting, Feb. 25. N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Feb. 22. . . . Recitals: Renardy, Feb. 10; Milstein, Feb. 18; Marjorie Lawrence, Feb. 21; Hofmann, March 8 (Aft.); Horowitz, March 19. . . . **TOWN HALL**: New Friends of Music, Sun. Afts., through March 2; Menuhin, Feb. 12; Roland Hayes, Feb. 18; Novaes, Feb. 22 (Aft.); Petri, Feb. 26; Bach Circle, March 3; Lotte Lehmann, March 12. . . . **METROPOLITAN OPERA**: "The Ring" cycle, Afts. of Feb. 7, 12, 20, 26, and March 7 and 20.

RACING—Hialeah Park, through March 1. . . . Santa Anita Park, Calif., through March 8. . . . Tropical Park, March 3-April 10. . . . Oriental Park, Havana, through March 20.

SQUASH TENNIS—National Amateur, Columbia University Club, March 6.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open within the next month or two: "The Talley Method," a comedy by S. N. Behrman, with Ina Claire and Philip Merivale, staged by Herman Shumlin and produced by the Playwrights' Company; "Claudia," a play by Rose Franken, produced by John Golden; "Out of the Frying Pan," a comedy by Francis Swann, staged by Alexander Kirkland and produced by Mr. Kirkland and William Deering; "A Bundle from China," a farce by Arthur Goodman and Gale Nandor, staged and produced by George Abbott; "Clash by Night," a play by Clifford Odets, with Sylvia Sidney and Luther Adler, produced by the Group Theatre; "The Doctor's Dilemma," a revival of the Shaw play, with Katharine Cornell and Raymond Massey, staged by Guthrie McClintic and produced by Miss Cornell; "U.S. 90," a play by Ward Morehouse, produced by Guthrie McClintic.

WINTER SPORTS—New York State Downhill Ski Championships, Feb. 9, and Washington's Birthday Tournaments, Feb. 19-22, at Lake Placid. . . . International Jumping Tournaments, Berlin, N.H., Feb. 14-16. . . . Eastern Amateur Jumping Championships, Laconia, N.H., March 8-9. . . . International Slalom and Downhill Championships, Berlin, N.H., March 14-16.

YACHT RACES—Miami to Nassau, Feb. 11. . . . Governor's Cup, Nassau, Feb. 14. . . . St. Petersburg to Havana, March 1. . . . Havana to Key West, March 7.

OTHER DATES—National Sportsmen's Show, Grand Central Palace, Feb. 15-23. . . . Ice Carnival, Madison Square Garden, March 28, 29, and 31. . . . Federal income-tax returns for 1940 are due on March 15; New York State returns on April 15. . . . Easter Sunday is April 13.

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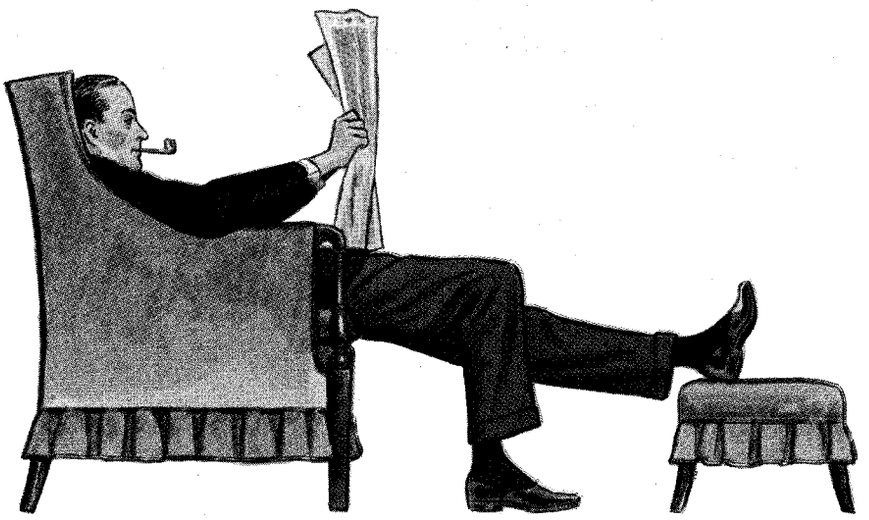

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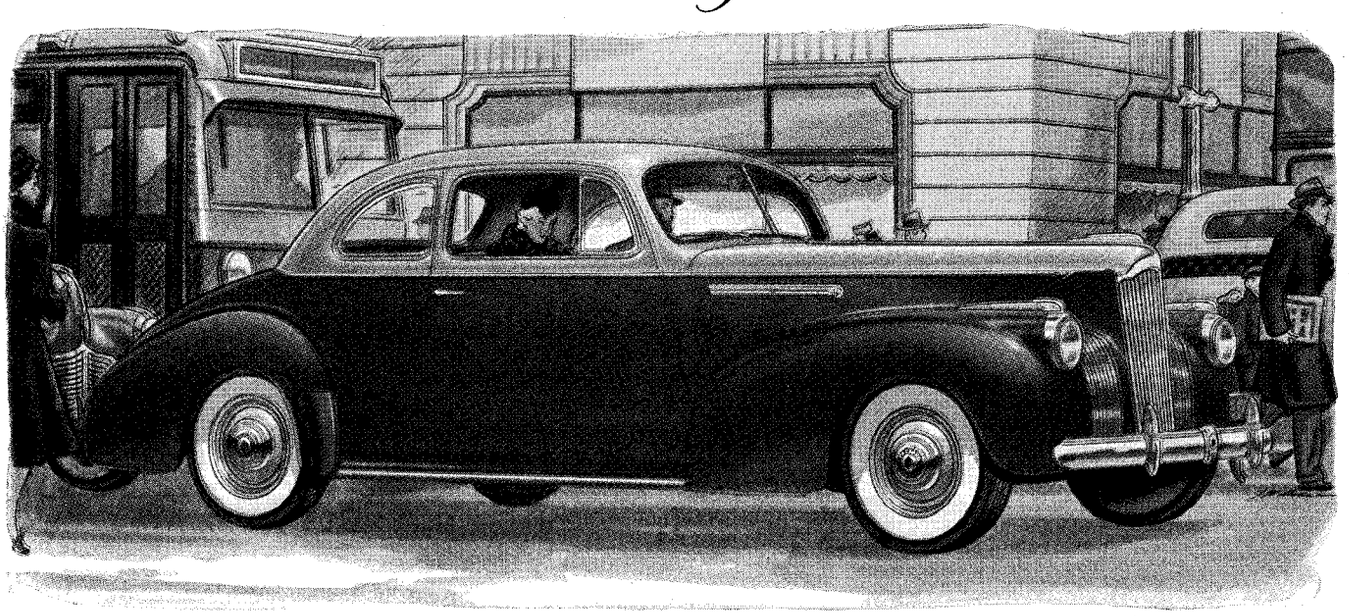

Illustrated: 1941 Packard One-Ten Special Coupe, $907★ (white sidewall tires extra).

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Natural color photograph by IVAN DMITRI

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THE NEW YORKER

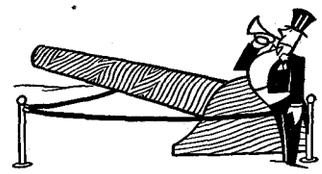
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE day last week, at 5:45 in the morning, Winthrop Rockefeller (who is six feet two and at that hour weighed two hundred and ten pounds) rose, bathed, dressed, breakfasted, took up a Gladstone bag covered with foreign labels, shook hands with his doorman, said good morning to a cabdriver, and, for thirty-five cents, was driven to P.S. 67, where severe trials awaited his strength and patience. He was greeted by press and newsreel photographers, reporters, radio men, and the chairman of his draft board, all anxious to see him safely into the service of his country. He was photographed standing beside a five-foot selectee and said, in response to questions, that he had slept well, that he would be glad to put on long underwear, that he did not want to telephone any girls, that he expected to be called "Hey, you!" in the Army, and that he liked beans. Later, at the 71st Regiment Armory, still making his way through a thicket of reporters, he shook hands with two majors and experienced what must have been a moment of simple gratitude when one of the other registrants cried, "Why the hell don't they leave the poor fellow alone?" At 2:15 P.M., Mr. Rockefeller took a train for Fort Dix, and can now look forward to a year of restful anonymity during which hardly anybody will ask him whether he likes beans or not. We are afraid that what this one man went through was only a mild foretaste of what is in store for others. Mr. Rockefeller is, after all, a relatively minor celebrity. The solicitude that will accompany a movie star with a high box-office rating on his way to camp is something which only Mickey Rooney, we suppose, could face without quailing. As the nation's idols go, one by one, a new measure for heroism will probably be set up. Someday that five-foot selectee will push back his chair from a dinner table and begin his story once again, while his grandchildren fidget. "I was with him at P.S. 67," he will say, arranging the silverware in battle order. "Here he was, here were the reporters, and here were the cameras, trained on him from every side, closing in."

THE new official Army Song Book isn't the sort of thing our book reviewer feeds on, so we guess we can go ahead and have our say. It gives the boys in camp sixty-seven songs, and would have given them more, we learn, if it hadn't been decided to cut out "the famous old songs suggesting service abroad." On the whole, we're afraid it's a pretty sloppy job of editing. The best-known line of the Marines' hymn, which is included, is "From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli"—the latter place, as everybody knows, being in what was Italian Libya as we went to press. We also think that if the purpose of the selection was to keep the boys' spirits up, three wise omissions would have been items called "Where Do We Go from Here?," "For Seven Long Years," and "Bombed."

ALL around us the rich toys of existence take on an air of purposefulness—real with some and with others sheer fudge. The Clippers yield their elegant plush carpets and soundproof walls to the urgencies of time and space; the jewellers and milliners yield to no one in their simulation of the warlike spirit. A new perfume from dreamy old Russia is now available, we learn, in a little bottle shaped like a tank, turrets and all, and, knowing how clever ideas like that spread all over, we expect to be shaving with a miniature bomb sight any day. Familiar too with the habitual course of fashion in almost any field—the course of a scythe in constant motion—we care even less for the day after tomorrow than we do for tomorrow. We can look forward without a great deal of agitation to the day when all nightgowns will have a military air, the telephone will look like a fieldpiece, the whiskey bottle like a shell, our very hat like something designed to deflect shrapnel; we can't, though, look further than that with a really quiet gaze. This is because we see, in that time when the furniture of warfare all around us will have become as usual as the furniture of peace, a new sort of decorative duplicity that gives us the willies. The tedium of total functionalism may be relieved to a certain extent when sidearms are sprinkled with rhinestones, the cannon in the parks wear zebra stripes and velvet ropes, the buglers white ties and tails, the cycle troops go about disguised as milliners' delivery boys, and tanks look like bottles of Schiaparelli's Shocking. Personally, we'll just take oblivion.



FOR no other purpose than to make everybody feel better, we'd like to record here the vision of Professor Jean Thibaud of the University of Paris, as we got it from the United Press via the *Herald Tribune*. Within two or three years science could probably turn out a bomb for the wholesale disintegration of atoms, says Professor Thibaud, but science hesitates right now because you never can tell what might follow. Dis-

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integrate an atom, and you may just be pushing over the first domino in the line. As Thibaud puts it, the question is "Could the disintegration be stopped?" In the estimation of the *Herald Tribune*, the proper place for this news was a quiet little corner down at the bottom of page 5. We'd never have noticed it if the head hadn't just happened to catch our eye ("Atomic Bombs Called Possible, But They Might Destroy World"). Obviously there's a feeling somewhere that there mightn't be a grain of sense in the whole thing. On the other hand, let us assume that this is just another case of journalistic conservatism run riot. Disintegration isn't going to hurt a soul. You'll hardly know it's happening.

New Game

THERE'S a new pencil-and-paper game, called Rembrandt, and it should become widely popular because it is utterly inconclusive and almost certain to lead to ill feeling. Here are the rules, such as they are: One man chooses, from whatever books or magazines are available, a picture that the others have not seen—a landscape or street scene for preference, the simpler the better. Then he describes it to the others, and they try to draw it. It's not a competitive game, so the man with the picture gives all the help he can, except that he's limited to words. The others can ask questions all they like. The fun, if you can call it that, comes from comparing the finished drawings with the original picture. The game was invented, they say, by a psychologist who wanted to drive home the point that although people talk a lot they seldom say what they mean.

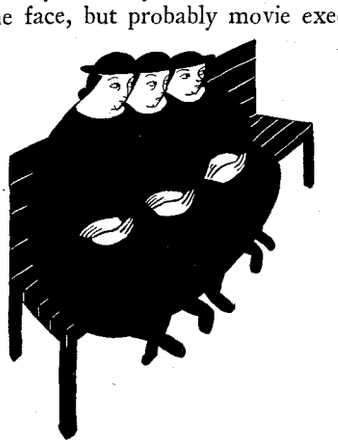
Kidder's Ideas

THE man responsible for the new, easy-to-read street-number signs placed halfway up lamp posts along important bus routes is George Everard Kidder Smith, who prefers to be called Kidder rather than George. Mr. Smith, a young architect and bus-rider, got the idea over a year ago, after a particularly trying bus ride. "I hated to have people breathing down the back of my neck when they craned out of the windows of buses to see what streets they were at," he explained to us last week. He wrote a letter to the Mayor at the time, proposing that small new signs be put up on lamp posts six and a half feet above the sidewalk, which he computed to be on the level of a lower-deck bus-rider's eye. Nothing happened for nine months, and then Mr. Smith got a letter from Borough President Isaacs advising him that his suggestion was being considered. A few days after Thanksgiving, Mr. Smith left his office and boarded a bus on Madison Avenue in the Fifties. He had scarcely got seated when he noticed to his gratification that his signs were up. He hopped off at the next stop, found a phone booth, and called Mr. Isaacs to congratulate him. Mr. Isaacs congratulated *him*.

There are four hundred and thirty-three of the new signs, scattered along Fifth, Madison, Lexington, and Amsterdam Avenues at corners where buses stop, and Mr. Isaacs told Mr. Smith, who told us, that they cost seventy-five cents apiece, exclusive of installation. Mr. Smith has seen most of them; as soon as he had reported to the Borough President, he got back on a bus and spent the rest of the day cruising around, noting with glee the amazement of his fellow-passengers at being able to tell where they were, and noting also that there wasn't a flutter of breath on the back of his neck. Mr. Smith is twenty-seven, hails from Alabama, and acquired two architectural degrees and a crew haircut at Princeton. He has studied architecture in Scandinavia, done archeological work in Syria, and is now with the firm of Holden, McLaughlin & Associates. He has several other ideas for simplifying municipal life, perhaps the most revolutionary of which is to have the traffic lights on every tenth crosstown street go on and off twice as frequently as on the other nine. He is convinced that this would speed up crosstown traffic by forty per cent and has drawn a chart to illustrate his point. Mr. Isaacs is studying it.

President

THURMAN ARNOLD can hammer away at Hollywood until he's blue in the face, but probably movie executives will always be movie executives. Exhibit A in support of this statement is a letter passed on to us by the editor of an amusement-trade magazine. It is signed by a member of the publicity department of Columbia Pictures, of which Mr. Harry Cohn is president, and reads thus:



I am enclosing the latest official photograph of Harry Cohn and I would appreciate it if you would destroy all previous art and substitute this pose for future photographic publicity.

In connection with this photograph, we would be most grateful if you would cooperate with us in the following request:

In all layout publicity in which photographs of more than one executive of the company is used, will you please arrange to give Mr. Harry Cohn's photograph the most important position in the layout. Regardless of the size of his photograph, will you please place it higher on the page in the layout than the photographs of any other executives. Also will you please avoid giving an emphasized center position to any executive in the company where Mr. Cohn is in the same layout, even though his position is higher on the page than the others.

Thank you so much for your cooperation.

Temple of Badminton

AS an example of a sportsman who has adapted himself to the times, we cite Mr. Abraham Bassford III, proprietor of the old 69th Regiment Armory Badminton Club. Last summer, when it became apparent that the Army was going to drive badminton players out of the armories, Mr. Bassford began looking around for a new home for his club. He finally settled on the main banking floor of the old S. W. Straus Building, at 565 Fifth Avenue, where five badminton courts, constituting what has been incorporated as the Fifth Avenue Country Club, opened for pleasure last November. These are used by members of the old 69th Regiment Armory Badminton Club, now known as the Old 69th Regiment Armory Badminton Club, and by an increasing number of other people, who join by paying annual dues of one dollar, no questions asked.

We visited the club late the other afternoon and found an enormous room looking out on Fifth Avenue and running halfway down the block on Forty-sixth Street to the Ritz. Several members were playing on courts flanked by great stone pillars supporting arches. Thirty-five feet above them was an elaborately carved ceiling. Mr. Bassford was present and he told us that he'd wandered around town with his nose in the air all summer looking for high ceil-

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ings, and that after toying with the idea of taking one of the garages near the East River, he had found he could get the S. W. Straus quarters. He has rented them for five years. He led us into Mr. Straus's former private office, a large empty room on the Fifth Avenue-Forty-sixth Street corner containing a big fireplace with some logs, and explained he was going to have a bar there. We then inspected a balcony overlooking the courts, where ping-pong tables have been installed.

Mr. Bassford feels that his club has arrived, since last week it was the scene of the Class B Metropolitan Badminton Championship. He plays badminton himself, and considers himself a sort of heavyweight champion of the game: he weighs over two hundred pounds and believes he can conquer anyone of equal displacement. He keeps a couple of cartridge belts on hand and forces these on lighter adversaries, filling the belts up with lead until the wearer's weight, accoutred, equals his. "It's like carrying a wisp of a girl upstairs," he said, with a faraway look. "You begin to feel your load the third or fourth step."

The tellers' cages which were formerly in the main room have been moved out, but Mr. Bassford showed us a concealed dumbwaiter in one of the columns, which used to bring up money from the vaults. He pulled a rope, and the dumbwaiter came up, empty. Bassford said that an erstwhile Straus vice-president had dropped in recently to show friends the exact spot on one of the courts where his desk had once been. This man remarked that all Straus bonds were not as bad as some people thought, that some issues still sell at around 80.

"You men will hear all sorts of wild stories about me—one, that I was suckled by a werewolf."

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Horticulturist

THIS tale is somewhat grim, possibly, but definitely interesting to us. A star instrumentalist on tour with one of the big dance bands—you'll soon see why we can't use names—took to acting peculiarly; nothing anybody could put his finger on, just peculiar. The leader finally got so worried that he detailed a sober and reliable member of the band to watch this fellow. A week or so of detective work only added to the mystery. The star stayed in his hotel room all the time, except when he was working. There was nothing in his room but his luggage—a suitcase containing his tuxedo and some spare shirts, and a huge wardrobe trunk, always locked, and marked "This End Up." The leader finally bribed the hotel detective to sneak into the room when it was empty and find out what was in the trunk. You'd never guess. It contained a potted marijuana bush about four feet tall, a package of plant food, and a little watering pot.

New Resident

WITH the aid and counsel of a physician, we are able to impart some fairly startling information. It's about a screech owl who has taken up residence in Washington Square. The news of his arrival was almost as incredible to us as it was to Dr. A. M. Caccini, about whom we once wrote in these columns, telling how he walks over from his office on Eighth Street every day to feed the birds in the Square and at the appropriate season distributes aseptic cotton to the sparrows for use as nesting materials. We got several telephone calls about the owl from people who know whom to notify in such a case before we were convinced, and then we went down to the Square. We found the owl readily because when we got in sight of the upper side of the park we saw Dr. Caccini standing under a sycamore tree with a pair of opera glasses, looking up. It was a lucky break for us, as the Doctor had the facts at his finger tips. He'd been keeping a close check on the owl for six days, or as close a check as a man can on an uncaged owl.

The visiting owl's sleeping quarters are in a cavity in the trunk of the tree, thirty feet from the ground. He roosts on the uppermost of a series of iron bars running across the hollow and bracing

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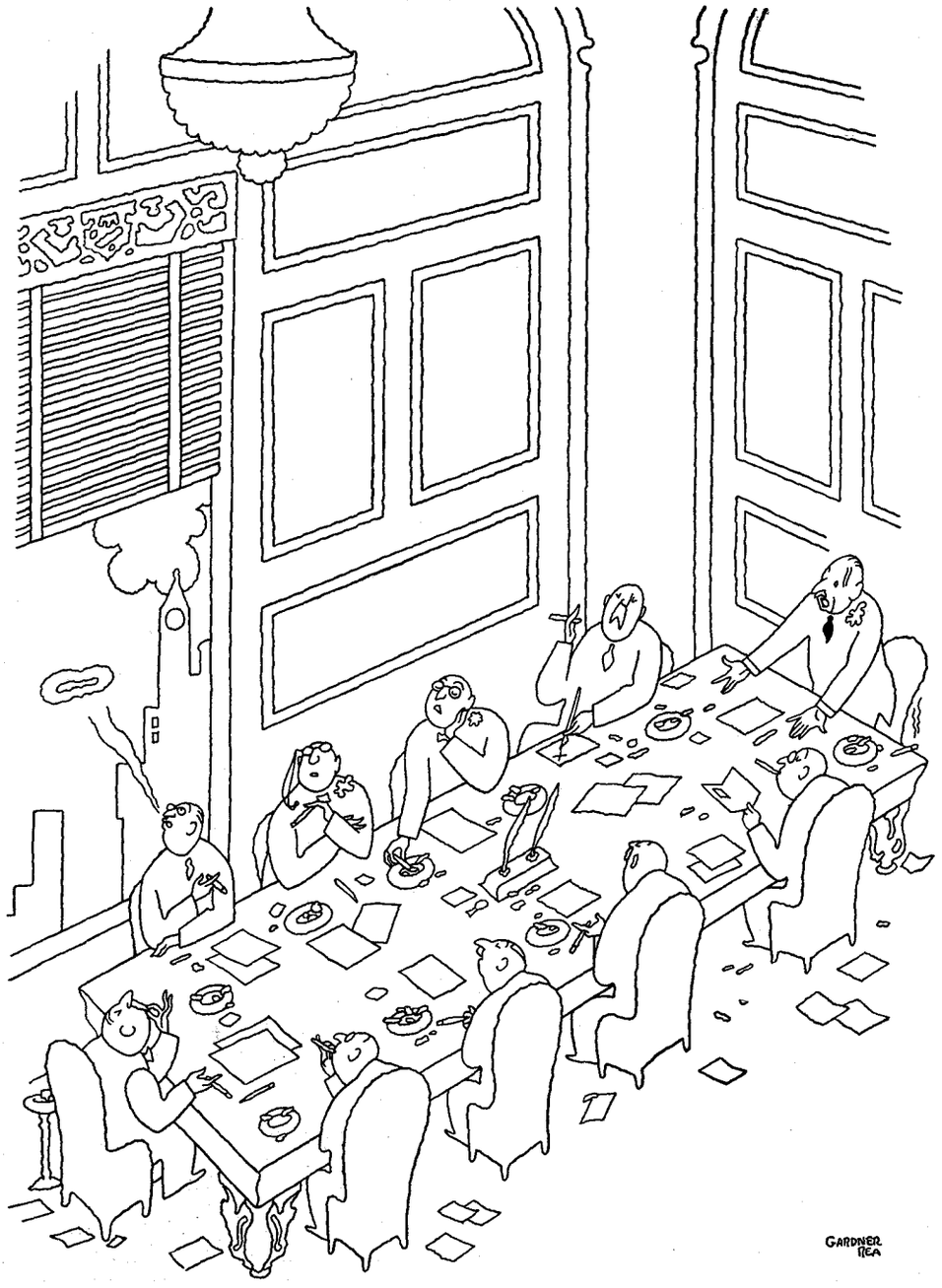

"But lots of other presidents get bonuses!"

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its sides. That's where we saw him, perching stolidly and looking like an oversized, broad-shouldered robin. At almost exactly 5:10 every evening, Dr. Caccini told us, the owl wakes up, stretches his wings a couple of times, and drops to a lower branch of the tree, where he remains practically motionless, presumably looking things over and reflecting generally, for about forty minutes. Then he flies off into the twilight of the park. Dr. Caccini, who is a thoroughly grounded amateur ornithologist, figures he gets back to his crevice around dawn. Once, before the owl disappeared for the night, Dr. Caccini saw him drop from his perch and snatch up a mouse. "*Antipasto,*" said Dr. Caccini.

The time of our visit being four o'clock, the owl was sleeping placidly on his strut, indifferent to the fauna of Washington Square—principally urchins, babies, nursemaids, shoeshine boys, and New York University students. Many of these, noting the Doctor and his opera glasses, paused and stared at the owl. One N.Y.U. man with books under his arm whistled to attract the bird's attention. "You think it's a pretty girl!" said Dr. Caccini with asperity, and the young man shut up and moved off. The owl remained asleep. "Intelligent!" said Dr. Caccini. A nursemaid with a perambulator and infant stopped, looked up, and asked Dr. Caccini, "What is it?" "An owl," he answered. "Is it lost?" she asked. "Are you lost?" said Dr. Caccini. "But it's an owl," said the nurse. "We are all owls," said the Doctor sweepingly.

Dr. Caccini thinks the owl was especially intelligent in choosing Washington Square as a home because of the vast amount of food available to him there—renegade and adventurous house mice, and other things. "This park is alive with life we do not see," the Doctor said. We left the Square at 4:08, having cleaned up the story in record time, after getting from Dr. Caccini a little more naturalistic lore, of a negative character. To the Doctor's disgust, the large film companies have all failed to appreciate the opportunity offered by invitations he has extended to them to make shorts of his sparrows during the time they are constructing their nests from his surgical cotton, and afterward. The Doctor is nettled about this. "Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Warner Brothers! It's so shortsighted of them," he remarked. "The subject has everything—courtship, romance, family ties. I can't understand their attitude." Neither can we.

Beauté

ELIZABETH ARDEN may not know it, but she could get a whacking good testimonial from the janitor of her building at 691 Fifth Avenue. Seems that her unguents and lotions arrive there in bulk, in small tubs. The janitor scrapes the tubs after they're thrown out and uses the delicately scented stuff to grease the elevator shaft.

Cinnamon and Old Toast

ON one of the days last week when it wasn't fit outside for man or beast, we had tea with Boris Karloff, the celebrated monster, in his suite at the Algonquin, Mrs. Karloff presiding. Early in our conversation, we asked Mr. Karloff what picture it was in which he appeared with his most famous fellow-monsters, Peter Lorre and Bela Lugosi. He replied evenly "You'll find out" and sprang to his feet, our hair rising with him. It turned out, of course, that the name of the picture was "You'll Find Out." Karloff had got up to close a

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window because of a draft. "Peter and Bela are both good fellows," he remarked. "Try some of these toasted muffins," put in Mrs. Karloff. "This cinnamon toast seems old."

Karloff is an Englishman with gentle manners and seven older brothers in the Civil Service of His Majesty, all named Pratt. His name was Pratt, too—William Henry Pratt—until he decided to go on the stage. In "Arsenic and Old Lace," in which he is making his first Broadway appearance, he mentions in a convincing manner that as the younger brother in the Brooklyn mansion he used to put pins under his older brothers' fingernails after tying them to bedposts. He told us he hadn't been that ingenious when he was actually growing up in a villa in Dulwich, near London. "My father, who was in the India Office, died when I was quite young," he said, "and consequently all my brothers felt responsible for me. One after the other they went into the consular—to China, to Africa, to South America, and so on—and one after the other they would come back on leave and get after me. I would no sooner be rid of one than another would come along and speak to me sternly about my negligence in preparing for the consular." The upshot of this upbringing was that the eighth Pratt came over to Canada around 1909, when he was twenty-two, played in small stock companies there and in our own Northwest, gradually edged his way into California, and finally got to be Frankenstein's monster (Universal Pictures, 1931). Until the astounding success of "Frankenstein," he was the black sheep of the Pratt family. Karloff feels that his success is attributable to a part he played in a San Francisco stage production of "The Criminal Code" a year before the Frankenstein picture was made. "I was a trusty and killed a stool pigeon," he explained, making an incisive gesture with his hands, "and on the strength of that performance, which propelled me into the movies, I was able to ask Mrs. Karloff to marry me." Mrs. Karloff is a Michigan girl who was at that time working as a librarian in Los Angeles, specializing in books for children. "We used to walk down to the Japanese settlement house in Los Angeles," she told us, "just to see the wonderful Japanese children." "In their bright kimonos, they were like flowers," said Karloff.

Now that it looks as if the Karloffs may be in New York for some time to come, they are searching for an apartment, or a small house in the country. They have a two-year-old daughter, who is at present with relatives of Mrs. Karloff. "Some place like Sneden's Landing would be ideal," Karloff said. "We were out there Sunday to see Maurice Evans," said Mrs. Karloff, "and it's lovely, but those adorable old houses seem drafty." "We want a small, snug house where the baby will be comfortable," said her husband.

Theatrical people have told us that because of the difficulty of frightening the audiences at "Arsenic and Old Lace" when they ought to be frightened and keeping them from laughing at those times, Karloff's performance is an artful one. He is modest about this. "Those two sweet old ladies make 'Arsenic' a nice, warm bed for me to lie in," he said. "But the rehearsals were a horror for me, nevertheless. Everybody was wonderful to me, but I was distinctly terrified and still am. When I fool with those instruments, getting ready to cut up my brother, Mortimer, I'm always so afraid somebody will laugh and spoil it that I get goose flesh all over."

Fraternalism

A MATRON who was participating in a cab ride north on upper Madison Avenue last Monday was considerably shocked when her driver suddenly put his foot on the gas, his hand on the horn, and made directly, rapidly, and boisterously for a policeman who was crossing the street. The cop leaped to cover behind a parked car and stood shaking his fist at the cabdriver, who waved back merrily and proceeded up the avenue, whistling happily. "It was all right, lady," he explained lightheartedly about a block later. "It was my brother."

". . . Atter w'ile de roof sorter 'gun ter leak, en one day Brer Rabbit, en Brer Fox, en Brer Possum, 'semble fer ter see ef dey can't kinder patch her up. Dey had a big day's work in front un um, en dey fotch der dinner wid um. Dey lump de vittles up in one pile . . ."

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MATERIAL WITNESS

LESTER BARNUM walked down the steps, across the street, and around the corner without looking back. He was a small, worn-out, neat, harried-looking man, walking slowly, as though he never got enough sleep, his head lowered into his gray overcoat.

A year in jail, he thought. He shook his head and turned to look at the huge, gray prison that had held him, but he had gone around the corner without realizing it, and the jail and the year were behind him and out of sight. He walked aimlessly on, looking without real interest at the free men about him.

Barnum hadn't liked the men he'd met in prison. In the movies, cell blocks were invariably inhabited by warm, greathearted, harmless persons, but in the year he had spent behind bars no convicts of that particular type had turned up. There had been only rough, large, desperate men who had put pepper in his coffee, nails in his bed, and occasionally, in moments of extreme emotion, had hit him with mop handles and slop buckets. And there was always a small, pasty-faced man turning up every month or so, whispering gratingly into his ear in the exercise yard, "Talk, an' the next stop is Woodlawn. Fer yer own good . . ."

Everybody—the police, the District Attorney, the convicts—took it for granted that he owned some secret, deadly information. Barnum sighed as he walked listlessly along the bustling, free streets. He stopped irresolutely at a corner. No direction was more inviting than any other direction, no street offered any final destination. There was no home for him to go to. For the first time in his forty-three years there was no definite, appointed place where his clothes were hanging, his bed ready to be slept in. His wife had gone to St. Louis with an automobile mechanic and had taken his two daughters with her. "I might as well tell you," she'd said in the visiting room at the jail after he'd been there three months, "this has been going on a long time, but now he's going to St. Louis and I guess it's about time you found out." And she'd pulled at one of the curly little hats she was always wearing and adjusted her corset a little angrily, as though Barnum had insulted her. And he'd found out that the printing shop he'd worked in for seventeen years had been unionized and his job had been taken over, at much higher wages, by a new man.

Barnum whistled through his teeth, thinking vaguely of the years behind him when he had led an ordinary, simple existence, bringing home the comic sections to his children every evening, dozing after dinner while his wife complained of one thing and another—a plain, unnoticed, uncomplicated life, in which he never talked to such important, improbable persons as district attorneys and Irish detectives, never had pepper put in his coffee by exasperated swindlers and dope peddlers.

IT had all started because, without thinking, he'd turned down Columbus Avenue instead of Broadway. A year before he had been walking wearily home from work, knowing there would be haddock for dinner and that he would have to mind the children that evening because his wife was going to some women's club where, she said, instruction was to be had in knitting. Dimly, Barnum had felt, the evening was not going to be pleasant—dull, aimless, like thousands of other evenings in his life.

Then it had happened. A tall, very dark man had walked swiftly past Barnum, holding his hands in his pockets. Suddenly another man, in a gray hat and topcoat, had leaped out of a doorway and tapped the tall, dark man on the shoulder. "Here you are, you son of a bitch!," the man in the gray hat had said loudly, and the dark man had started to run, and the man in the gray hat had pulled a gun from under his armpit and yelled "Not this time, Spanish!" and shot the dark man four times. The dark man slid quietly to the pavement and the man in the gray coat said "How do you like that?" and looked once, coldly, at Barnum, who was standing there, with his mouth open. "Aaah!" the man in the gray coat said loudly, pulling up one corner of his mouth in a snarl, and then he'd disappeared.

Barnum had just stood there looking at the tall, dark man, who was lying quietly on the sidewalk, looking not so tall now, with the blood coming from him. After a while, Barnum closed his mouth. He moved dreamily over to the man lying on the sidewalk. The man's eyes looked up at Barnum, calmly, dead.

"Say—say, Mister! What happened?" A man in a butcher's apron was standing next to Barnum, looking down excitedly.

"I saw it," Barnum said slowly. "This fellow walked past me and a man in a gray hat jumped out of a doorway and he said 'Here you are, you son of a bitch!' and then he said 'Not this time, Spanish' and he went bang! bang! bang! and he said 'How do you like that?' and he looked at me and he went 'Aaah!' and he disappeared and this gentleman was dead."

"What happened?" A fat lady ran across the street from a millinery shop, shouting as she ran.

"A man's been shot," the butcher said. "He saw it." He pointed at Barnum.

"How did it happen?" the milliner asked, looking at Barnum respectfully. Three more men had run up by this time, and four small boys, all looking at the corpse.

"Well," Barnum said, feeling important as the babel of talk died down when he began to speak, "I was walking along and this fellow walked past me and a man in a gray hat jumped out of a doorway and he said 'Here you are, you son of a bitch!' and this fellow started to run and the man in the gray hat pulled out a gun and he said 'Not this time, Spanish!' and he went bang! bang! bang! bang!"—Barnum shouted the "bangs" and pointed his finger violently at the corpse on the sidewalk—"and he said 'How do you like that?' and he looked at me and he went 'Aaah!' "—Barnum curled his lip into an imitation of the murderer's snarl—"and he disappeared and this gentleman was dead."

By now there were fifty people gathered around Barnum and the corpse. "What happened?" the latest arrival asked.

"I was walking along," Barnum said in a loud voice, conscious that all attention was upon him, "and this fellow walked past me—"

"Lissen, buddy." A small, rough-looking man nudged his elbow. "Why don't you go home? You didn't see nuthin'."

"I saw—" Barnum said excitedly. "I saw with my own eyes. A man in a gray hat jumped out of a doorway"—Barnum leaped to demonstrate, the crowd respectfully falling back to give him room as he landed catlike, his knees bent but tense—"and he said 'Here you are, you son of a bitch!' and this fellow"—with a wave for the corpse—"started to run"—Barnum took two quick little steps to show how the dead man had started to run—"and the man in the gray hat pulled out a gun and said—"

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"Be sure to notice Mrs. Newbold when she gets up. She's wearing a really lovely gown."

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"Why don't you go home?" the rough little man said pleadingly. "It's nuthin' to me, but you're only complicating yerself. You are just arranging trouble for yourself. Why don't you go home?"

Barnum looked at him coldly for a moment.

"Then what happened?" a voice demanded from the crowd.

"... 'Not this time, Spanish!' " Barnum cried, "and he went bang! bang! bang! bang!"—Barnum moved his hand as though he were firing a heavy gun and fighting the recoil—"and he said 'How do you like that?' and he looked at me and he went 'Aaah!' "—Barnum snarled it out, with every eye upon him—"and he disappeared and this gentleman was dead."

"As a good friend of yours," the small, rough man said earnestly, "I advise you to go home. You didn't see nuthin'."

"What happened?" a voice shouted across the bobbing heads. By now it seemed to Barnum nearly a thousand people must be congregated around him, all listening intently to him, who never, even in his own home, could get three people at one time, even his wife and two children, to listen to him for as long as a minute without interruption.

"I was walking along," Barnum said in a loud, ringing voice, "and this fellow—"

"Mistuh!" The small man shook his head despairingly. "Why're you doin' this? What's it goin' to get you? Trouble!"

". . . this fellow," Barnum went on, disregarding the small, rough man, "walked past me and a man in a gray hat jumped out of a doorway." Once more Barnum demonstrated. " 'Here you are, you son of a bitch!' he hol-

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lered, and this fellow started to run and the man in the gray hat pulled out a gun"—Barnum snatched an imaginary pistol from under his armpit, pointed it at the corpse—"and he yelled 'Not this time, Spanish!' and he went bang! bang! bang! bang! and he said 'How do you like that?' and he looked at me and he went 'Aaah!' and he disappeared and this gentleman was dead." Barnum was sweating heavily now from his leaps and snarls and the unaccustomed strain of talking so that a crowd of people could hear every word, and his eyes were rolling with excitement. "And it was all over," Barnum said dramatically, "and this gentleman was lying there looking up at me before you could blink your eyes."

"Jesus Christ!" one of the four little boys in the inner circle said in deep admiration.

"Whoever you are," the small man said to Barnum, "you're a dope. Remember I told you. Goodbye." And he pushed his way out of the crowd.

A big man with a red face tapped Barnum's arm. He smiled engagingly at Barnum. "Did you really see it?" he asked.

"Did I see it!" Barnum waved his hand. "The bullets went past my head."

"What happened?" the red-faced man asked.

"I was walking along," Barnum began, while the red-faced man listened with deep interest, "and this fellow was walking in front of me—"

"Louder!" a voice cried deep in the crowd.

"*I was walking along*," Barnum shouted, "*and this fellow was walking in front of me and a man in a gray hat . . .*" And Barnum went through the story, with gestures, while the red-faced man listened with respect.

"You saw the murderer close up?" the red-faced man inquired.

"Like you." Barnum stuck his face right next to the other man's.

"You'd know his face again if you saw it?"

"Like my wife's."

"Good," said the red-faced man, taking Barnum by the elbow and starting out through the crowd as the sirens of radio cars howled to a halt at the corner. "You'll come with me to the police station, and when we catch the murderer you'll identify him. You're a material witness. I sure am glad I found you, Sonny."

BARNUM sighed now as he thought of what had followed. For a whole year the murderer was not caught, and Barnum sat in jail and lost his wife and children and his job, and highwaymen and forgers beat him with mop handles and slop buckets. Every three days he would be taken down to look at some new collection of thugs. Each time he would have to shake his head because the man in the gray hat was not among them, and the young District Attorney would say, "You're one hell of a fine material witness, Barnum. Get him the hell out of here!," and the detectives would wearily drag him back to his cell. "We're pertectin' yuh," the detectives would say when Barnum would ask to be freed. "Yuh wanna go out and have 'em blow yer brains out? That was Sammy Spanish that was killed. He's an important figure. You know too much. Take it easy. Yuh're gettin' yer three squares a day, ain't yuh?"

"I don't know anything," Barnum would say wearily, in a low voice, as they locked him into his cell, but they never paid any attention. Luckily the District Attorney got a good job with an insurance company and gave up looking for the murderer of Sammy Spanish. Otherwise Barnum was sure he'd have been kept until either he or the District Attorney died.

Walking aimlessly down the street, with the years behind him, homeless, wifeless, childless, jobless, Barnum sighed. He stood on a corner, rubbing his chin sadly, trying to decide which way to turn. A car swung around the corner past him, too close to a car parked just below the corner. There was the sound of the grating of fenders and then the forlorn wail of brakes and the crumpling of metal. A man jumped out of the parked car, waving his hands.

"Where the hell do you think you're going?" he cried to the driver of the other car, looking wildly at his smashed fender. "Lemme see your licence! Somebody's got to pay for that fender and it ain't going to be me, Brother!" While the reckless driver was getting out of his car, the owner of the damaged car turned sadly to Barnum. "Did you see that?" he asked.

Barnum looked hurriedly at him, at the fender, at the street around him. "Oh, no," he said. "I didn't see anything."

And he turned and walked swiftly away.

—IRWIN SHAW

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PYRRHIC VICTORY DEPARTMENT

[*From the World-Telegram*]

The United States Army today has 200 pianos, donated without any strings or expenses attached.

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THE TRIUMPH

TO Mrs. Battle and her daughter Edith, the issuing of the invitations to the tea was in itself an event. This annual party was the point on which their year and their world revolved. As soon as the forced gaiety of Christmas was over, they started looking forward to the great day. Edith was fifty, Mrs. Battle seventy-three. In the last ten years they had grown to look like sisters. Both had flat cheeks, large chins, and thin gray hair. And when either one of them spoke of the time of day or of the weather, it was in the same tones of courage and regret with which they spoke of their life in the city, so many years back now, or of the house they had later owned on the Torrington road, or the furniture and friends they had been forced to sacrifice.

Edith and Mrs. Battle always set aside one whole day of the first week of January to walk down to the drugstore in the village and buy paper, envelopes, and a fresh bottle of ink. It took an hour or more to make a choice among Mr. Crabtree's rather sleazy samples. Edith and Mrs. Battle sat down on the high stools at the soda fountain and took off their cotton gloves to rub each sheet between their fingers. "If you'd only told me we were out of paper, dear," Mrs. Battle always said, "I could have written down to Gorham's for the usual. The dies are there." They tested two or three bottles of ink before they found the particular shade of light blue they wanted—the shade they never failed to buy and invariably the one to be found in the bottle Mr. Crabtree offered them first.

By the end of the next week, when they could no longer bear to leave the paper untouched, Edith and Mrs. Battle would carry the Winsted telephone book up to their small, square room on the second floor of Mrs. O'Connor's boarding house and copy from it a list of possible guests. This, together with a list of their friends outside the village, totalled nearly a hundred persons. After twenty years, the Battles knew whom they intended to invite, but it was a sacred custom to savor and reject the remainder name by name.

"What about Mrs. Roger Shipstead?" Mrs. Battle would ask on the first day, her finger happening to rest against that name in the book.

"Well," Edith would say, "we'll just write it down, in case."

On the following day, when they began to prune their list of the more obviously distant acquaintances, Edith would say, "I've got Mrs. Roger Shipstead here." Mrs. Battle always pretended to waver—"Let's wait and see." On the third day, Mrs. Battle would cut Mrs. Shipstead from the list. "We've never had her, you know," she would say, and Mrs. Shipstead would drop from their thoughts for another year.

The list took shape finally as the Battles had known it would. They were always careful that, of the twenty-five invitations they sent out, eighteen would be to those acquaintances in New Haven and New York and Philadelphia and Washington who were certain not to attend but who bore uniformly distinguished names. One was a former governor of Connecticut; one was the president of Yale (whoever he happened to be—the Battles were an old Yale family); one an elderly gentleman who, in Taft's time, had been Minister to one of the Scandinavian countries. The remaining invitations were always sent to a handful of friends in the village, who never thought of refusing them, and to perhaps one new friend, by way of adding a delicious sense of risk to the occasion. The risk this year was Mrs. Paraday. She was a stout, red-cheeked widow, new to the town, whose vigor appalled and attracted Edith. "She does everything and says everything," Edith said, and shook her head with envy.

"Who are her people?" Mrs. Battle asked.

"She hasn't any living, I believe," Edith said, "but they were New York, of course—Madison Avenue."

The facts of Mrs. Paraday's past were known to Edith because the lady herself had proclaimed them, but Edith did not feel obliged to tell her mother that Mrs. Paraday had worked most of her life in Lexington and Madison Avenue dress shops. When her husband, a travelling salesmen, died a year before, he had left his widow the in-

"Any number may play."

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come from a small life-insurance policy, enough anyway for her to live on in an economical retreat like this Connecticut village.

As usual, the writing of the invitations took scarcely an afternoon. "Mrs. Robert Gardiner Battle and Miss Edith Nevins Battle," Edith wrote down again and again in a straight, slender, unchanging script. "At home Monday, January twenty-seventh, four to six. R.S.V.P." Then, with Mrs. Battle sitting on the bed and calling out names in a voice thin with excitement, Edith addressed the twenty-five envelopes. The next morning they walked down to the post office to buy the proper number of stamps from the postmaster. This made it possible to show him some of the letters addressed to New Haven and New York and Philadelphia and Washington, since they always put the stamps on at his window and even asked him to weigh one of the letters to make sure that a three-cent stamp would be enough. And together they dropped the invitations, with slow caution, into the brass-plated slot in the wall.

All through the next week they received at least two letters of regret a day. "Isn't it a shame?" Mrs. Battle said, reading one of them. "Mrs Amory writes from Washington that she and the Senator have promised themselves for dinner on Monday." In the end they received, as they did each year, eighteen letters of regret from New Haven and New York and Philadelphia and Washington and seven letters of acceptance from their friends in the village.

ON the morning of the tea they dropped in at the bakery shop and ordered a dollar and fifty cents' worth of sandwiches and cakes to be delivered at three o'clock. Then they hurried back to the house to make ready the front parlor. At noon Mr. Atwood, a middle-aged bachelor who worked at the Brown Lumber Company and was the most presentable of Mrs. O'Connor's five other boarders, obligingly brought in wood for the fire and laid it with his own hands. Edith carried the canary down from upstairs to give the room a more homey look. They did not dare to remove Mrs. O'Connor's portrait of the late Pope from its place of honor above the mantel, but, as former members, during their New York days, of the Brick Presbyterian Church, they set a bowl of bittersweet before it to obscure the face. They went without lunch in order to give themselves time to bathe and dress. Mrs. Battle always wore a lavender dress with long sleeves and a pleated skirt touching the floor. She had bought it at Mr. Altman's fourteen or fifteen years before, but, as she often said, "The material's so much better than what you can get nowadays, it would be criminal to think of giving it away."

Edith wore a dress she had bought in Torrington some years back. With the changes she had made in it this year, it looked almost like new. At four o'clock, with a card table crammed with plates, cups, and Mrs. O'Connor's green porcelain teapot, and a cozy fire (which smoked only a little) burning on the hearth, the Battles sat down and waited for their guests. The occasion so moved them that they could not speak.

No one ever came before five.

THE room clinked with china saucers and cups. The fire on the hearth cast skeins of smoke over the partly empty plates of sandwiches and cakes. Next to Mrs. Battle sat Miss Day. She too had lived in New York and knew many of the people Mrs. Battle had known in the old days. In spite of altered times, she still kept three servants in the green-and-lemon-colored house on the hill. Beyond Miss Day sat Mrs. Reagan, the nice Irish Dr. Reagan's wife, who showed by her silence how grateful she was for being asked to the Battles' tea. On the other side of the room, Edith, together with Mrs. Reuben Clark, who was eighty-four, and her granddaughter, and Edith's rather masculine friend, Mrs. Paraday, made a tangle of sly whispers and giggles. Mrs. Battle felt that the annual tea was a great success.

"I can remember Brooklyn," Miss Day was saying, "before the Bridge. I hate to think what age that makes me, but I can. It was like the open country in those days, all woods and brooks and sandy shore. And the nicest people!"

"Why, in those days," Mrs. Battle said, sitting as straight and motionless on her little wooden chair as a queen on a velvet throne, "in those days, you know, Westchester and Long Island hadn't

"I imagine there's an interesting story back of that."

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"You mean Mr. Mullaney has sold this yacht to the government?"

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been dreamed of. They didn't exist. If anyone had dared to live in a village like this, a hundred miles from New York, they would have been called mad." Mrs. Battle lifted her teacup lightly in her mottled hands. The canary fluttered and scolded in a cage above her shoulder as she talked. "My mother was a Nevins—one of the oldest of the old Brooklyn families. We lived at 198 Washington Park South, in the loveliest home, with a long green garden that I always think of as full of pompons and cosmos and nettles. We had a coach house covered with lattices at the end of the garden and I remember the horses my father kept there—two black ones with white feet and white stars on their foreheads. He called them Gog and Magog. I never knew what in the world their names meant."

"What a marvellous memory!" Mrs. Reagan said. It was almost the only remark she had made all afternoon.

"Later, the financial troubles came—I was much too young to know what it was about; money was as much a mystery to me then as it is today—and my father had to surrender everything he owned, but he refused to give up his horses." Mrs. Battle drew a slow breath, building a stage of silence under her voice. Each year she enjoyed this moment more. This was how to live: tea, cakes, friends, a fire, a story. "He went down to the coach house the morning we had to move away. He said goodbye to the horses and lifted a pistol out of his pocket and shot them dead, just where they stood in their stalls. My mother and I were waiting for him on the front stoop and we heard the shots. He couldn't bear to do anything else."

"Awful to have a memory like that and live in Brooklyn now!" Mrs. Paraday said, and burst into prolonged laughter. Wave on wave, the sound rose in the crowded room. The canary flattened his wings on the wire walls of his cage. Mrs. Battle lifted the lid of the teapot, studied the black tea, and replaced the lid. In all the times she had told that story of her father's horses no one had ever followed it with a less appropriate remark. She smiled bravely. "Do have another cup of tea, Mrs. Paraday," she said in her most royal voice. "Such a cold day."

MRS. BATTLE pressed her hands to her eyes for a moment. The last of the guests had gone. Edith and she had repeated for the last time the words "Do drop in again very soon," which everyone knew better than to believe. "I'm sure they had a delightful time," she said. "They seemed so sincere about it."

Edith ate a sandwich. "Oh, it was a great success!" She hummed a tuneless snatch. "The greatest success, I think, we've had!"

They lifted the plates from the table and carried them down the dark hall to the kitchen. Mrs. O'Connor was there, preparing supper. "How was the party?" she asked. "Were you both the pride and joy of the day?"

"Everything was just as it should have been," Mrs. Battle said distantly. But she felt she should unbend. "We have to thank you for the use of the room. And for your plates."

"Why shouldn't you have the use of the room when you want it?" Mrs. O'Connor asked cheerfully. "The rest of the boarders only use it at night, the big tramps in their dirty shoes!"

Edith and her mother found the stairs exhausting. Mrs. Battle lay down on the big double bed she and Edith shared at night. She did not feel strong enough, just then, to hear Edith's apologies for Mrs. Paraday and she pretended to fall asleep to keep her from talking. Edith hung the canary's cage on its accustomed hook above the sink. After a minute or two, finding himself at home between the wardrobe and the shoe rack, the canary started singing.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

If someone told you that people in Manhattan, Kansas, possess five times as much wealth as those in New York, and that we live in a city which has buildings more than fifty times as high, you wouldn't believe it.

But you would be mistaken; it is true. Manhattanites of Kansas do have five times as much wealth per capita as Manhattanites of New York, and the height of buildings in proportion to the populations is fifty times as great.—*Manhattan (Kans.) Mercury.*

Trot out your per-capita vice and let's have a look at that.

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THE INNER MAN

Birthday Party

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

SOLDATS DE FRANCE, DEBOUT!

FOR many Americans who haven't bothered to check the facts, or their imaginations, gigantic General Charles de Gaulle and his little army of Free Frenchmen now fighting beside the British with the battle cry of "France Forever" have gradually assumed the character of a broad, amorphous legend—an epic rumor of a chieftain as tall as a civic statue, of a movement involving patriotism, rebellion, exile, obstinacy, discord, confused gallantry, courage, error, and honor. That is the legend. On investigation, and as nearly as an outsider can make out, it is also just about the truth.

De Gaulle is not the head of an illegal French government; he is merely the head of a rebel French army. As such, he has been duly tried *in absentia* and condemned to death by the men of Vichy. Whatever de Gaulle may mean as a military factor in the European war, he is at any rate unconsciously a political catalyst in the United States. Ask Americans what they think about de Gaulle (hardly anyone knows anything) and you will at least find out what they think about everything else at home and abroad. Say "de Gaulle" at this or that luncheon table and you'll find out whether your companions are interventionist or isolationist, pro- or anti-English, for or against Hoover and his food plan, for or against that pugnacious man in the White House, pro-Willkie or merely born G.O.P., for or against Anne Morrow Lindbergh's last book; whether they're Pétainists, horse-trading Lavalists, incurable capitalists, or pro-Labor Bevinists; whether they're liberals or Stalinists, or the intellectual ex-Popular Frontists, ex-Spanish Loyalists, and ex-Communists who, handy at romantic causes and homeless since the Moscow-Berlin pact, have turned toward de Gaulle because they think there is no other ideal place left to go.

It is ironic that de Gaulle should be, even inadvertently, a clarifier of other people's politics, because for himself politics are what he passionately eschews. He will allow no French politician to join his movement. Some Americans criticize de Gaulle as a leader precisely because he lacks a statesman's instincts; some French rejoice that at least *il a des mains propres* ("he has clean hands"), an idiom which, in the late Third Republic, was used exclusively to describe the rare Frenchman who had never been in politics. All de Gaulle ever says about himself is that he's a soldier. He doesn't talk much.

Free France is, as an anti-Hitler rebellion, a flourishing enterprise. Under de Gaulle (pronounced "de Goal"), and at the disposal of Winston Churchill and the British, are thirty-five thousand determined Frenchmen—soldiers, sailors, fliers, garage mechanics, machinists, fishermen, spies, and so on. Last June, while the rebellion was still new and before the confused Bordeaux government knew which way to turn, the novice de Gaulleists hurried across the Channel to London in, and with, quite a flotilla, lifted from the French Navy—two old battleships, two *cuirassés*, ten torpedo boats, and a dozen submarines, including the magnificent Surcouf, the largest one afloat. They now have only nine subs, having lost three, among them the Narval, which was the first ship acquired by de Gaulle and was recently reported by London to have been sunk "by enemy action." Free France, which is incorporated in this country under the name of France Quand-Même, has chapters in New York and twelve other big American cities. The local headquarters are in Rockefeller Center. Officials there don't like to talk too much about facts. Rebellions have to maintain a certain amount of hush. The office always knows more than it can say. However, it knows, and does say, that Free France Frenchmen participated in the recent capture of Tobruk. It is known that French aviators, escaped to America from France, have been sent on to London and thence south to fly for de Gaulle in French Equatorial Africa, whose 912,000 square miles are under his leadership. It is also known that seventeen American ambulance drivers, volunteers from the American Field Service, have already sailed for Cape Town with ambulances to serve with de Gaulle, and that twenty-two American ambulance drivers, volunteers from the British-American Ambulance Corps, are leaving in a week or two for Lake Chad.

PROBABLY the best way to size up the France Forever movement is to know how and when it started. It started when it seemed as if France were going to be no more, amid the confusion, despair, and defeat which seized the country after the Germans walked into Paris on June 14th. Premier Reynaud, alone among French politicians, had backed the early theories of de Gaulle, who was the first and leading proponent of a mechanized French Army, and just a fortnight before the collapse had named de Gaulle to the office of Undersecretary of State for War, hoping he could help turn the tide. Yet in those desperate days de Gaulle realized that Reynaud, who had declared that France would fight to the finish, was being forced to capitulation. De Gaulle, who had been promoted, as another last-minute measure, to general with the blessing of Pétain, saw that the old Marshal, because of what he believed to be his duty, was also turning toward an armistice to save lives. De Gaulle believed it was the duty of every man to die for France. He had already flown to London, at Reynaud's and Pétain's request, for consultation with Churchill, and on June 18th he flew over again, on his own initiative, to beg Churchill for reinforcements. They were refused. De Gaulle that same day made his first radio broadcast, from London—a dry, short speech in which he asked if all hope for France was gone, if defeat was definitive, and categorically answered "No," then called on all French officers and soldiers in England (i.e., those evacuated from Dunkerque) to get in touch with him. In a second broadcast the next day, he got into his stride and appealed to the entire French nation. "In this present hour," he cried, ". . . before the confusion in French souls, before the liquidation of a government fallen into servitude to the enemy . . . I, General de Gaulle, French soldier and officer, before my conscience speak to you in the name of France. . . . Every Frenchman who still carries arms has the absolute duty to continue fighting. To lay down his arms, to evacuate a military position, to consent to cede no matter what morsel of French soil to the enemy would be a crime against our country. . . . That the panic of Bordeaux should be able to cross the sea [to England] would be intolerable. Soldiers of France, wherever you may be, arise!" (*"Soldats de France, où que vous soyez, debout!"*)

The first of de Gaulle's thirty five thousand followers started to rise. In re-

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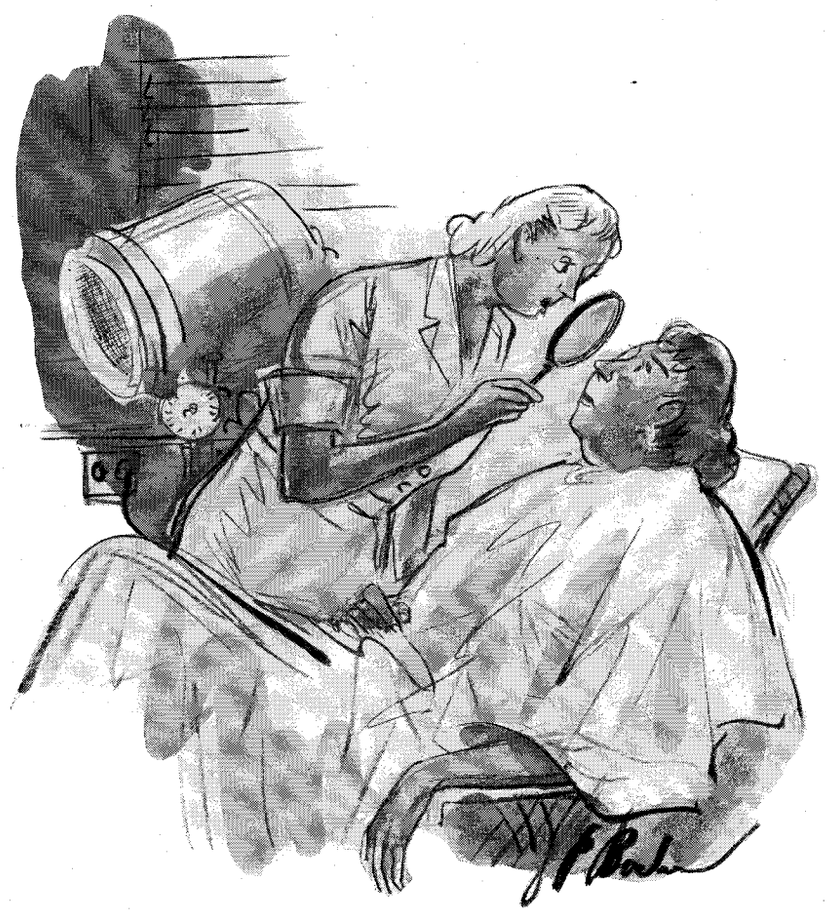
sponse to twenty radio appeals he made from England before the end of August, his followers all over France rode to the sea in cars abandoned by refugees along the roads, walked, swam, flew in stolen airplanes, or sailed in stolen ships. At his call a thousand angry young French Army aviators rose from all over France and started winging for England. A soldier swam naked two miles in the Mediterranean to reach a tramp ship bound for the Thames. Twenty-five de Gaulle planes landed at Gibraltar—oddly enough, on the race track which the Rock possesses as part of its typically British equipment. Five other planes were brought down by Spaniards (or somebody) who from just across the border took pot shots at everything flying by. An Army student pilot who had had only fifteen hours of flying experience patched together a plane from the remnants of three smashed American machines lying in a field; flew to Oran, in North Africa, which he'd heard was loyal to de Gaulle; landed; found that Oran was not loyal; hopped off again; and landed on the race track at Gibraltar with the three-in-one American ship holding together fine. Not all of the adventures were so jolly. Gasoline was fatally scarce in disorganized France; de Gaulleist planes set out for rendezvous they failed to keep, and frail motorboats ran out of fuel on the long voyage. One band of young de Gaulleists, setting out from Arcachon in a pleasure launch, drifted on the Atlantic for ten days, were picked up by an English cargo boat, were bombed by German planes and sunk, were rescued by a second English cargo boat, were sunk by a magnetic mine, were rescued again, and reached England, where they joined up.

THROUGHOUT France, strange, crazy things were happening, putting the average citizen into a daze, goading the exceptions into revolt. Politicians had shuffled between voting for the government's further flight and staying around to argue among themselves a little longer. Newspapers were sheared of news, yet ran advertisements of beauty products; the radio alternately blared timid waltzes and de Gaulle's "Soldiers of France, arise!" The Banque de France had moved from Paris to a hideout on a provincial farm, where, after a government "back to the land" order went into force, the indignant clerks were set to work tilling the soil. A wretched French official, whose luggage contained a fabulous batch of securities belonging to the government and who was travelling in nervous isolation on a special train, sped up and down the railway lines of France, erratically changing his route and never daring to stop anywhere he was expected. In Bordeaux, boats were given away like favors at a masquerade party. French freighters with rich cargoes still in their holds were, by means of a scribbled slip of paper, handed over by powerful men who didn't own them to friends who had never paced a deck in their lives but who stepped into command of ships that were French property in flight. It was on such ships and in such hours, when all that was familiar and comfortably French seemed lost, that de Gaulle began drawing, from a French population of forty-odd million, his first thirty-five thousand men.

One group of de Gaulle recruits reached him with little confusion. They came from Brittany, which hadn't been touched by the war. Breton autonomists had always sporadically discussed breaking away from the French, but the Bretons now found being occupied by the Germans worse. Being Celts, many Bretons do not consider themselves French, and prefer speaking Breton to French; they are the Irish of France. Being mostly fisherfolk familiar with moonless nights and tides, the Breton de Gaulleists, without fuss, simply took the family schooner and chugged off to join their herring-fishermen pals around Yarmouth. One dory full of Breton eighteen-year-olds rowed over the Channel to England, bringing along as a sign of their fealty a purple heather plant, which now sits on General de Gaulle's desk in London. Bretons joined up at the rate of two thousand men a month last summer and are still joining. Some of them are now on British mine-sweepers, armed trawlers, and cargo boats that are bringing in foodstuffs to England through the submarine blockade. Other Bretons have been dispatched back to the French coast to spy on the German preparations for the invasion of England. Many of them have signed up for service under the *nom de guerre* of Louis Blanc, French for John Doe, and have given as their birthplaces villages that never existed on any French map, because the Germans have threatened to seize hostages from any French family whose men sail with the English.

The largest class of Free France men are garagemen, mechanics, electricians, petty engineers, armament-factory hands, dock machinists—wheel tinkerers by trade, talent, and taste, and



"I didn't say anything, Madame. I just went 'tchk.'"

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all radio fans (rare in France), whose ears de Gaulle knew he could catch on the air. In his first broadcast, he said specifically, "I invite engineers and expert workmen in the armament industries . . . to get in touch with me." Since de Gaulle, by a horrifying historical irony, in 1934 unsuccessfully offered to the French Army the modern theory of the *corps spécialisé*, a unit which the Germans borrowed, retitled the *Panzerdivision*, and in 1940 utilized to conquer France, he naturally believes more passionately than ever in what he originally called his *armée de métiers*. That's what he has now. Aside from his officers and fliers, he has attracted few French bourgeois, aristocrats, or gentlemen adventurers, though he hasn't attempted to discourage them. De Gaulle has said that for modern soldiers he'd rather have a few hundred thousand mechanics paid a mechanic's regular wage of fifty francs a day than several million drafted clerks at a few sous a day. As unconcerned with the problem of capital and labor as with politics, he has nevertheless built up an army which is in essence a sort of dexterous democracy, as well as a kind of militant, amalgamated trade union whose members' jobs consist of making mechanized war for a boss named de Gaulle.

His aims, his followers say, are to help chase the Boches out of France, preserve the French colonial empire, and, by continuing French participation in the war, earn a seat for France at the peace-conference table when the Germans have been defeated. It is obviously impossible to gather any statistics on how the French in the two Frances regard him. Emigrés from the Unoccupied Zone report, according to how they feel, that he's particularly popular in Marseilles (always a turbulent town), that his name is scrawled on walls by his admirers in every village (French youth has always been given to graffiti), and that the older people say, "*Un général vaut un autre*," meaning that none is worth much. In Paris, where German influence is discernible, some people apparently dislike de Gaulle because they think he is a Free Mason, which he is not. Others angrily and mistakenly connect him with the now-hated Radical-Socialist Party. It was a majority Radical-Socialist Chamber of Deputies that turned down Reynaud's plea for accepting de Gaulle's project for a mechanized army, which, the Deputies said, was "impractical and undesirable." Last Armistice Day, Latin Quarter students paraded the boulevards, each carrying a pole, or *gaule*, shouting "*Vive de* —" and then silently hoisting the *gaule*. That day the German soldiers fired a volley of blanks and then a volley of bullets, killing many Quand-Même youths and girls.

General de Gaulle is six feet six inches in his stocking feet. He is not only the tallest general in what was the French Army but one of the tallest men ever to appear in French history. Few people in France ever heard of de Gaulle until lately; just a choice handful in London have ever had a glimpse of him. Those who have seen him say he is the perfect symbol of a French officer. He seems summed up in his long legs and his polite, stiff officer's stance. People who have met him say that he isn't particularly impressive mentally, perhaps because he says little, and that socially he hasn't much personality. Apparently he is like the carved prow of a ship or the bronze statue of a soldier in a park; he has no more personality than either of them, yet represents, as they both do, something that men create either to follow or to remember something by, something that, in the flesh, can be hailed as a leader. There is, nevertheless, apparently a flat absence of any hero worship among de Gaulle's followers. What they are willing to die for is the principle of the thing; he's simply the tall man in charge.

De Gaulle was born in Lille, November 22, 1890, and spent his student days in Paris, where his father was professor of philosophy and literature at the Catholic Institute. He was an honor man at St.-Cyr, the French West Point, and was on graduation assigned as second lieutenant to an infantry regiment commanded by the then Colonel Pétain. In 1916, he was wounded at Douaumont, was captured and imprisoned by the Germans, made three attempts to escape (one by digging a tunnel with a nail file), was caught disguised in German uniform, and spent the rest of the war in solitary confinement. He was a member of the French military mission in Poland during the anti-Bolshevik campaign of 1920-21, was chief of staff of

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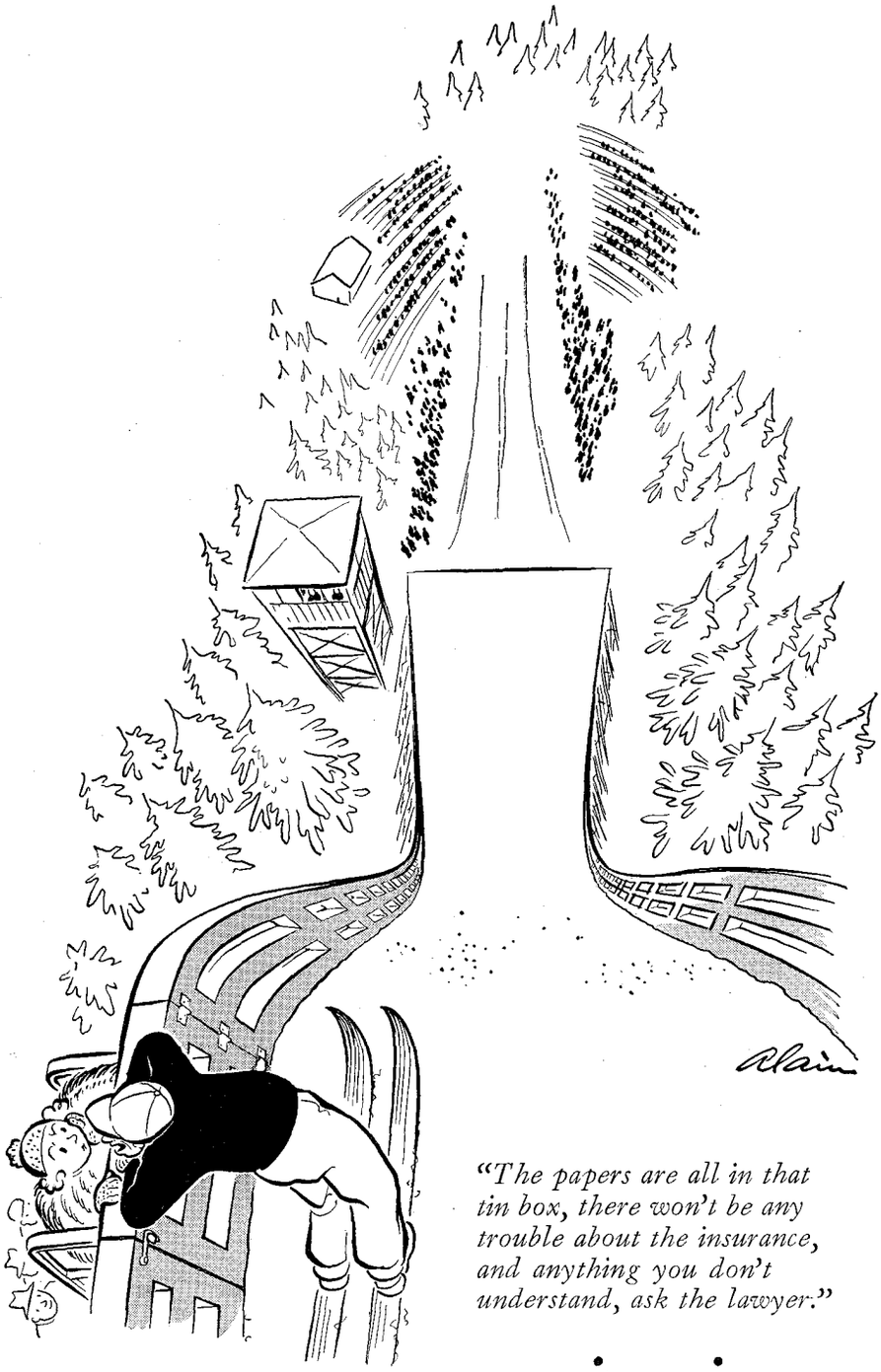

"The papers are all in that tin box, there won't be any trouble about the insurance, and anything you don't understand, ask the lawyer."

• •

the French Army of Occupation of the Rhine at Trier, was on the General Staff of the Army of the Orient in Syria, was a pet of Pétain and was his aide-de-camp while Pétain was Commander in Chief of the French Armies, and was not a pet of Weygand, who succeeded Pétain. During the nineteen-thirties, de Gaulle was appointed to the Superior Council of National Defence and impressed his colleagues as having tanks on the brain. "Tomorrow an army of professionals will advance on wheels. Not a single gun, shell, or loaf of bread will be carried by a man on foot," he wrote in his now-famous book, "Vers l'Armée de Métier." Writing in a rich, old-fashioned, thoughtful style, which even the layman could comprehend, and describing the geographical and military past and present of France like a player pointing out the moves in a chess game, de Gaulle worked up to his main theses: that a revolution of war technique as well as of civilian life had been brought about by modern machinery, that modern armies would travel at a speed of one hundred and fifty miles a day, and that the ideal mobile unit is the *corps mécanisé*. He also enriched his exposition of his military theories with philosophical quotations from the erudite modern poet Paul Valéry. De Gaulle's mobile army of garage-minded soldiers was not in line with General Gamelin's ideas of static defence and contradicted the trench-warfare and Maginot Line theories of General Weygand, who had the book sharply answered by one of his staff in an article in the weighty weekly *La Revue Hebdomadaire*. Indeed, de Gaulle's only military admirer seems to have been the German General Kurt Guderian, Chief of the Tank Corps, who, in a German military magazine, gracefully complimented de Gaulle, declared himself in debt for the ideas, and by 1935 had applied them in the organization of the first German *Panzer-division*, identical to de Gaulle's *corps mécanisé*, except that the Germans added forty more tanks and the novelty of motorcycles. In January, 1940, de Gaulle submitted to his War Office a memorandum observing that in the new war the French were "still employing the maneuvering system which Carnot and Napoleon had invented at a time when muskets fired two rounds a minute," and adding that the Maginot Line could be broken. On May 15th, after the German break-through, he was hastily given his stars as a general and sent to defend Abbéville with twenty thousand men and six hundred tanks. Military experts regard the action at Abbéville as the only French success of this war. In the Order of the Day on May 31st, Weygand, who had succeeded Gamelin in the crisis, cited de Gaulle as "this admirable, audacious, and energetic leader." Three weeks later the French Third Republic had fallen, de Gaulle was a rebel in England, and a military tribunal, reflecting the sentiment of Weygand and Pétain at Vichy, ruled that de Gaulle had "deserted his post" and should be shot. As late as 1935, Pétain had said de Gaulle was "a wizard." On the whole, however, de Gaulle had never been liked by the Old Guard. They thought he was a know-it-all. In his psychological, moral, professional, and patriotic pattern, he was an old-fashioned model, but he had new ideas. The combination is rarely popular.

THE man who heads the American branch of the France Forever movement, as well as the New York chapter, is Eugène Houdry, a French engineer, chemist, and discoverer of a revolutionary formula, called the catalytic processing of petroleum hydrocarbons, for obtaining high-octane gasoline from coal and lignite. He is president of the Houdry Process Corporation of Delaware and has become quite rich by

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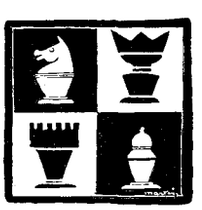
licencing American manufacturers to use the Houdry patents. He believes that this is purely an economic war and that Hitler can be scientifically crushed, principally by American resources. He is a modest, mustached man, regarded as something of a genius in the oil industry. Financially, he is the chief American backer of France Forever, but he declares he has not put much more than $15,000 or $20,000 into it so far, since he believes it must be popularly financed to be effective. Some of the officials here are paid eight dollars a day by the British government. The New York chapter has a membership of about forty-five hundred and has taken in around $35,000 since it opened last September. Certain of the French émigrés who contribute do so anonymously and with cash. They won't write checks for fear of identification and reprisals on their relatives in France. New York's France Forever adherents are mostly not in the checkbook class, but are French artisans, dockmen, and mechanics, are the staffs of Le Moäl, the modest Breton Third Avenue restaurant, and of the Chambord, its grander neighbor. The charter for the American movement was signed with a flourish by Houdry in Philadelphia's Independence Hall in September.

The man second in charge of the New York office of France Forever, and its expert on foreign relations, is Maurice Garreau-Dombasle, formerly commercial counsellor to the French Embassy in Washington. The local press chief is Professor Fred Hoffherr, who is head of the French Department at Barnard and before that taught French at Columbia for seventeen years. One of the most active men in the office here is Michel Wibault, who was decorated during the last war, in which, as a young officer, he designed fighting planes. He built the first all-metal planes used in France, England, and Poland. In 1930, at the request of the French Air Ministry, he designed an extremely successful plane called the Golden Clipper, a ten-passenger, three-engine craft capable of flying a hundred and eighty-five miles an hour. This became the fashionable Paris-London passenger plane. Wibault later collaborated with the Penhoët works, which built the Normandie, in aeronautical construction at St.-Nazaire. In 1936, Wibault founded an aeronautical arsenal for the French government. He started constructing a giant transport plane weighing fourteen tons, designed to make the run from France to Indo-China in two days and capable of carrying a hundred troops. When the plane was about eighty per cent completed, construction was stopped in October, 1939, by Ministerial order. Wibault has learned that his prize plane and the plant in which it was being built have since been bombed to bits by the R.A.F. He is delighted. The Germans didn't have time to finish the plane and fly off with it.

None of the New York staff has ever laid eyes on de Gaulle, with the exception of an old friend, Jacques de Sieyes, who went to St.-Cyr with the General and is his personal representative in the United States. They know almost nothing about de Gaulle's private life. They believe, but do not appear certain, that he is married and has "at least two children."

Any dramatic notion that the Pétainists and the de Gaulleists in New York spy on and snarl at one another in French restaurants or elsewhere is apparently without foundation. It is true, however, that at a rally sponsored by France Forever at Carnegie Hall on December 20th, the public-address system failed to function for a while and it turned out that a mysterious telephone call that afternoon had countermanded France Forever's instructions to hook up the apparatus. Oddly, many of the more intellectual, unofficial de Gaulleists are not anti-Pétainists. At any rate, they think that the old Marshal, who is in the worst spot of any man in modern French history, is doing a pretty good, painful, compulsory job. They feel that France needs both men if her civilization is not to perish from the European earth. Though some unofficial Pétainists think de Gaulle should be locked up as a troublemaker, an official Pétain spokesman here has cautiously said that Pétain and de Gaulle "are two forces which juxtapose themselves." He adds that "reasonable Frenchmen are glad to have an intermediary between England and France." However, underneath the surface of the France Forever movement, in which the tactful *mot d'ordre* is "Say nothing against Pétain personally," is the implacable, basic policy against appeasement of Germany. It is this policy which the Free France organization is living for and its men are dying for. Against six-foot six-inch de Gaulle in London, and his non-appeasement, stands the six-foot six-inch Flandin, Pétain's new right-hand man in Vichy, and his policy of coöperation with Berlin. The importance of the de Gaulle movement to Britain would increase in direct proportion to Britain's loss of patience with Vichy.



De Gaulle's intimacy with the British is probably his most important military asset. It is also important that he has Winston Churchill as his personal backer. On August 7th, Churchill and the General exchanged two letters and drew up a memorandum (all three later published in a twopenny pamphlet by His Majesty's Stationery Office) which constitutes an agreement that the Free France volunteer force will never have to take up arms against France; what it principally doesn't say is that de Gaulle is a recognized military ally of Britain but in no way a governmental rival of Vichy. De Gaulleists have said that until Churchill took a hand, Londoners were "charming but reticent" toward them. The first tangle that had to be straightened out was

GEDDONDILLO

The sharrot scudders nights in the quastron, now,
The dorlim slinks undeceded in the grost.
Appetency lights the corb of the guzzard, now,
The ancient beveldric is otley lost.

Treduty flees like a darbit along the drace, now,
Collody lollops belutedly over the slawn.
The bloodbound bitterlitch bays the ostrous moon, now,
For yesterday's bayable majicity is flunkly gone.

Make way, make way, the preluge is scarly nonce, now.
Make way, I say, the gronderous Demiburge comes,
His blidless veins shall ye joicily rejugulate, now,
And gollify him from twixt his protecherous gums.

—Ogden Nash

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"He's a big fellow, that Grogan, isn't he?"

•

that created by the freighters (one with a rumored fortune in copper in its hold) and other merchant craft in which the de Gaulle men escaped to England and which the British gratefully seized as prizes of war. This hurt the feelings of the French volunteers, who claimed they were not enemies but allies. They promptly sued the Admiralty, won their case in a court imbued with typical British justice, and sold their ships to His Majesty's subjects. With this nest egg they equipped their soldiers, who wear English battle dress. Their insignia is the word "France" and a tiny tricolor placed, according to France Forever regulations, "on the left clavicle."

De Gaulle's primary value to an emotional English war leader like Churchill is his Gallic gallantry, all that is left this year of last year's ally and of what was supposed to be "the finest army in Europe." Also, on the practical side, de Gaulle holds loyal to him, in addition to the Cameroons and a couple of Pacific islands, all of French Equatorial Africa, which in area constitutes a fourth of the French colonial empire and is strategically valuable for communications. Coupled with the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, the de Gaulle territory provides a solid anti-Axis stretch from coast to coast. On the other hand, Weygand holds for Vichy French North Africa and Syria, the choicer parts of the French colonial empire, which are valuable for food, commerce, and Mediterranean military strategy. Military experts consider that Weygand, doing nothing, is more of a military threat to the Axis than de Gaulle, busy. If Germany were to occupy all of France, if Pétain were to fly with a finally exasperated government to North Africa, if Weygand were ordered by the Marshal to fight Germany from a North African base, then de Gaulle would probably come into his own. That is to say, he would be second under Weygand. Nobody who knows de Gaulle thinks he is rebel enough to shake off his Army training and try to rush in before a superior officer.

De Gaulle's brilliant, inventive, and prophetic military sense was, experts concede, soundly demonstrated in his 1934 book and at Abbéville. Since the fiasco at Dakar, there has been a great doubt how good he might be, next time he gets a chance, at practical strategy. Dakar was for de Gaulle the Narvik of Africa, and was for Churchill, who backed him in the undertaking, not only a Narvik but a baby Gallipoli. According to one story, de Gaulle had it all fixed up with the French governor of Dakar to give him the you-know-me signal when the French and English moved up, and not a shot was to be fired. Unfortunately, when de Gaulle signalled, the governor ordered his troops to fire at the Free French forces. Then, though de Gaulle begged the English not to, they fired back—not much, just a little, for the honor and the hell of it. Official London says, confidentially, that in the Dakar incident de Gaulle's Intelligence Service was bad.

FREE FRANCE fights under its own flag, a new, less beautiful version of the tricolor in dark blue, an un-French red, and white; the centre of the flag is marked by the double-barred white Cross of Lorraine, which was Joan of Arc's emblem when she tried to drive the English from France. Today everything is turned around.

A picture postcard of de Gaulle put out by France Forever in New York bears the caption "Brilliant General de Gaulle, Victor of Abbéville, Predestinated Leader of the Free French People Throughout the World." None of the Free France people here actually seem to think he was even predestined for them or anyone else. Many of them regret that he changed their beloved French flag. Some of the younger ones think that Joan of Arc is out of the picture today. All of them, however, agree with the words of Francis I: "*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur*" ("All is lost save honor"). —JANET FLANNER

•

Ida was happy in her new role. Applying herself assiduously to such details as a faulty pronunciation and other requisites of culture, she forged ahead.—*The Times Book Review.*

It's a long road, no matter how you get there.

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Pedro Domecq
FUNDADOR
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PRODUCE OF SPAIN

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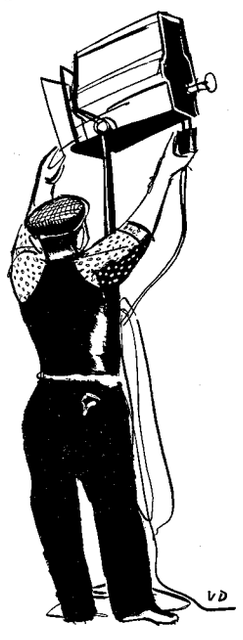
THE THEATRE

CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS

FACILE is the descent from the editorial chair of a fashionable women's magazine to the psychoanalyst's grim confessional. This is the gospel, according to Moss Hart, whose "Lady in the Dark" has just moved into the Alvin Theatre. To an old magazine man it would doubtless appear that Liza Elliott was fortunate beyond the wildest dreams of anybody in that unsavory racket. She had a fancy office in which nobody threw cigarette butts on the floor or scrawled telephone numbers on the walls; there was a rich backer with no exasperating theories about how things ought to be run; there were no disgruntled contributors or, as far as I could see, anything so vulgar as a typewriter in the joint. In fact, about the only professional problem confronting this lucky girl was the choice of what cover to put on the Easter issue. Mr. Hart's play has been generally described as a fantasy. It is, indeed.

In spite of all these advantages, however, Miss Elliott wasn't happy. Her case history, as outlined to the sawbones at twenty bucks a throw, was full of frustrations. As a very little girl she was plain, in embarrassing contrast to her beautiful mother, and her school days were just one damn thing after another. They wouldn't let her be the Princess in the Commencement play, for instance, and then when the class elections came around she was chosen Best Student, a disgusting thing, of course, to happen to anybody. As those of you who are familiar with the black magic of Vienna will realize, such experiences as these can set up bothersome complexes, and by the time Mr. Hart's heroine got to be an editor she was as mixed up emotionally as Mrs. Ethan Frome. In the end, I am happy to say, Dr. Brooks fixed everything, and Miss Elliott was able to find peace with an advertising man called Charley Johnson. It is obvious that the author classifies this as a happy ending, and who am I to argue?



All this, I'm afraid, is a preliminary to saying that I wasn't altogether carried away by "Lady in the Dark." The plot of a musical play, as a rule, is immune to rational criticism, but Mr. Hart clearly wishes his new piece to be taken seriously, as a dramatic work as well as a spectacle. On this basis, I can only report that Miss Elliott's wrestle with her subconscious, while spirited, would scarcely be likely to make any professional list of fascinating cases, and that, considered sheerly as a thing of beauty, the production at the Alvin may easily remind the captious of certain goings on at the Center Theatre, where giant turntables and similar miracles have also been used to astound the unwary.

Psychoanalysis, according to persistent rumor, has long been one of Mr. Hart's own best girls, beyond question or reproach, and this may account for something rather wide-eyed, reverent, and perhaps a little old-fashioned that crept into the scenes describing his heroine's conversations with her physician, as well as those dealing with her numerous suitors. It is harder to say why the musical sequences —the patient's fantasies and childhood memories— weren't altogether satisfactory either. Kurt Weill's tunes were pleasant, if not precisely memorable; Ira Gershwin's lyrics were always urbane, and often witty; the dances, supervised by Albertina Rasch, were brilliantly executed; and the costumes and settings, though stupendous, showed both imagination and taste. The total effect on me, however, was an almost perfect balance between rapture and fatigue. There were times when everything seemed wonderful, and there were others when I simply wished to see no more scenery split and dissolve, no more beautiful women rotate on turntables, no more ballets, each as pretty and expensive as a pure white yacht. I can't explain this peculiar reaction, except by saying that all this magnificence seemed exactly the sort of thing that could have been handled just as intelligently (and perhaps a little more magnificently) in Hollywood.

None of the above, of course, has anything to do with Gertrude Lawrence, who, in one carelessly chosen word, is superb, whether prone on her consultant's sofa, running over her symptoms, or merrily singing a fine, tough song called "The Saga of Jenny." Of the rest of the cast, I have only strength left to remark that Danny Kaye, Bert Lytell, Macdonald Carey, Margaret Dale, and Victor Mature (courtesy the Hal Roach Studio, Inc.) all deserve your respectful attention.

LYNN RIGGS' "The Cream in the Well" is probably the season's greatest disappointment up to now. Mr. Riggs, who wrote two more-than-promising plays called "Green Grow the Lilacs" and "Russet Mantle," has now chosen to investigate the classic theme of incest, and has, I suspect, got out a little bit over his head. The heroine drives her brother's fiancée to suicide in a convenient lake and her own husband to the edge of delirium tremens, but through it all she remains more petulant than Greek. The great trouble with the drama at the Booth, I think, is that only the dullest imaginable customer could fail to guess what was wrong with Julie Sawters ten minutes after the curtain goes up, so that the terrible revelation, when it comes, has about the same dramatic impact as a Burton Holmes travelogue. Another is that only a brother could love any of the characters who assemble at the Sawters' homestead, near Verdigris Switch, Indian Territory, in the year 1906. The cast, which includes Martha Sleeper, Mary Morris, Leif Erickson, and Myron McCormick, speaks in accents ranging from Beacon Hill to Tobacco Road. That isn't much help, either.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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There are certain periods in life when each person is subjected in greater degree to the experience of "growing up." All depends on the health of the individual and his or her ability to adjust to these trying episodes. Where in life do these "stress periods" occur, and what are the common problems of such periods?

They may be roughly grouped as (1) the time of childhood, (2) the time of adolescence, (3) the time of marriage and the experiences of raising a family, (4) the time of the physiological change of life, the menopause in women and men, and (5) the time of old age.—*S. Bernard Wortis in Talks, a quarterly.*

Outside of that, life is duck soup.

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THE RACE TRACK

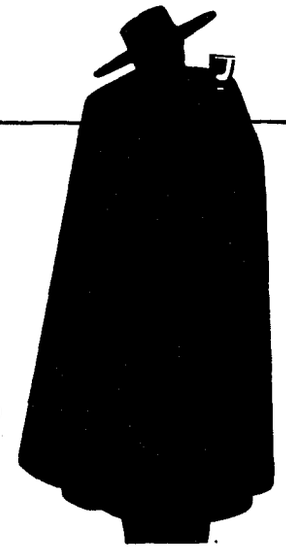
Good Going on Grass

MORE sweepstakes on the grass are what we really need. Other races are all very well, of course, for they improve the breed of the thoroughbred (and the pari-mutuel take) and now and then one really is a knockout, but there ought to be more variety, and I'm not thinking of hurdle racing, either. If you follow such things closely, you know that the Miami Beach Handicap at Hialeah is the only stakes race out of about five hundred run in this country every year that is decided on turf, even though people always like to see horses go around a course of this kind, where they can't stir up great clouds of dust. Making a minority report almost too faint for the human ear, this department suggests trying turf-course races at Saratoga, in place of steeplechasing.

If there's a more exciting race all meeting than the Miami Beach Handicap, which Robert L. won last weekend, I'll be surprised. Also, if you think I'm going to predict that Robert L. will win the Widener Cup, you're wrong; he's a useful animal, but he'll have to win the McLennan Memorial before he can be taken seriously in the Widener. In case you've forgotten, John Partridge claimed Robert L. from Herbert Woolf for $5,250 at Jamaica last spring, and although Partridge is a first-class hand with second-class horses, he hasn't done astonishingly well with his find up to now. Moreover, don't forget that next time Robert L. isn't likely to be ridden by Arcaro, who handled him so ably last Saturday.

MEN who watch the morning gallops say you ought to look out for Blenweed in the Bahamas Handicap this weekend. They point out that the last time he ran there was a muddy track, which he didn't like, and they insist that he wasn't well ridden by Eads. Eads, by the way, is the seventeen-year-old apprentice who had such a following early in the meeting, and whose contract was bought by Calumet Farm. He rode only four winners last week, and horseplayers are beginning to forget about him already. Horseplayers are like that.

Clarksville is another runner who is



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GOLF RIDING TENNIS DANCING
OVERNIGHT From New York via Seaboard R.R.

expected to go well in the Bahamas. It seems that he wasn't wearing blinkers when Tamil beat him the other afternoon, and there was a great to-do about it among those who thought he ought to have had them on. Blinkers, as you are probably aware, can be pretty important, for some animals won't run well if they can see others beside them. As good a system as I know is to back a two-year-old the first time he wears blinkers in a race. There's a better-than-ordinary chance of his winning, sometimes at astonishing odds.

I WON'T keep you long over the two-year-olds at Hialeah. One of the most promising I've seen is Coldstream Stable's Albatross, who can run faster over a muddy track than most horses can on a dry one. Albatross, incidentally, isn't a bad name for something by Mate out of Lull, if you remember your "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." Speaking of names, The Jockey Club's registrar approved two more that will confuse people who bet over the telephone. They're Fate and Fade, and belong to a couple of fillies who won last week. To set you right, Fate is owned by Fred Alger, and Fade by Mrs. Payne Whitney. My guess is that Fade, who is by Mr. Bones, is better than Fate.

NOTES ON AN UNCASHED TOTE TICKET: An event on the Inauguration Day program named the Third Term Purse was for three-year-olds who had yet to win two races. . . . Alfred Vanderbilt has leased Treemontier, one of the better two-year-olds, to run in the Dinner Stakes. . . . No future book will be made on the Widener Cup this year because Miami catchpoles have become stuffy about off-the-course betting. . . . And Colonel Martingale is toying with the idea of buying Liberty Franc, who is by Liberty Limited out of Francaise, and changing his name to Vichy. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Report of the Sheriff relative to property in the Court House and County Jail:

LIVING ROOM

1 Clothes tree
1 Mirror
1 Large rug
1 Thompson submachine gun
12 Boxes 45 automatic cartridges
1 Drum loaded
4 Clips loaded

—From the annual report of the Orange County (N.Y.) Board of Supervisors, 1939.

No scatter rugs?

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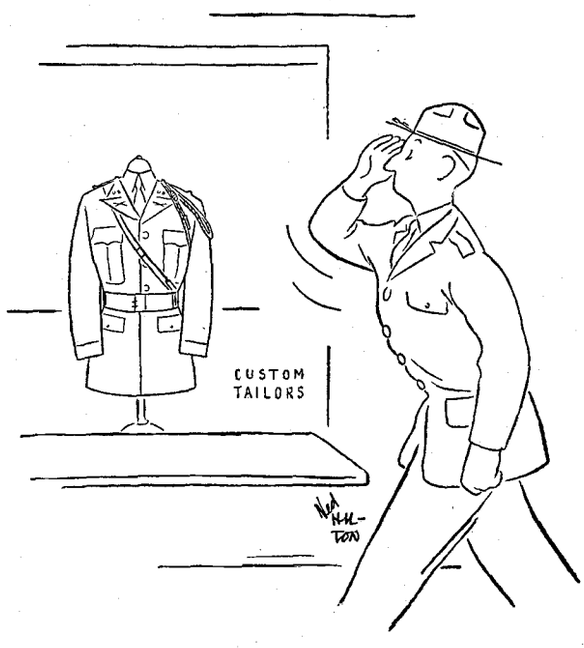
ONWARD & UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

MONASTERY FOR SALE

LAST September an officer of the International Studio Art Corporation, a Hearst subsidiary which owns a mass of objects of art, antiques, armor, books, and other belongings which, since 1926, William Randolph Hearst has been storing in two warehouses on Southern Boulevard between 143rd and 144th Street in the Bronx, called up Dr. Armand Hammer, president of the Hammer Galleries, and asked him whether he would care to help dispose of the major share of this accumulation. For the past three years, presumably to raise cash, Mr. Hearst has been selling a number of the diverse articles which in the course of a half-century he bought through agents in this country and abroad. As yet he has not tried to get rid of anything in his great Wyntoon and San Simeon establishments in California but has concentrated on the contents of his two Bronx warehouses and five warehouses in California. Some of the objects which he has sold, or hopes to sell, were once in homes he maintained on Riverside Drive and at Sands Point, some he has never used, and some he has never even seen, having acquired them by cable through agents, who shipped them directly to storage. Hearst has visited his Bronx warehouses only four or five times, and then rather briefly. Any time he likes, however, he can have the satisfaction of looking over a file of several thousand photographs of his possessions there; one set of pictures is kept by the International Studio Art Corporation in New York and one by Hearst in California.

The International Studio people, who had already sold about two per cent of the Bronx collection to dealers and private collectors, approached Dr. Hammer last fall because they were aware of the success with which he and his brothers Victor and Harry, all partners in the Hammer Galleries, had induced the American public to pay substantial prices for articles once owned by the last Czar of Russia and his family, and because they felt that merchants who had done so well with the property of one czar might perhaps like to take on the household effects of another, on a commission basis. Dr. Hammer was attracted by the prospect and sent his younger brother Victor up to the Bronx to look things over. Victor, a resilient type, walked around the warehouses for several weeks, ordering hundreds of crates opened and inspecting thousands of objects, ranging from Benjamin Franklin's spectacles to a Cellini cup mounted in gold, emeralds, and rubies. When Victor got tired of walking around, or when he became curious about the contents of crates piled too far back in the recesses of the storerooms to be reached without a derrick, he went to the office on the ground floor of the larger of the two warehouses and consulted some of the one hundred and fifty fat, black, loose-leaf books in which, under five hundred and four categories, such as "Gothic Tapestry," "Italian Paintings and Frescoes," "Helmets," and "Buildings and Parts of Buildings," all of Hearst's possessions in these two buildings are listed. The catalogues have been kept up to date by a staff of ten or eleven clerks, and give the measurements, purchase price, and the date and source of acquisition of some twelve thousand objects. After studying the books, Victor Hammer conferred with appraisers and later with his brothers. The Hammers came to the conclusion that what had been done with the *bibelots* of the Romanoffs could also be done with the *bibelots* and the larger belongings of Mr. Hearst. Since the Hearst collection contained, among other things, the dismantled panelling of seventy medieval rooms, and as many double beds, they realized that their shop, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street, would not be large enough to handle the sale. Recalling that they had sold their first Romanoff importations through Lord & Taylor, they suggested to the International Studio Art Corporation that a department store might be called in for assistance. They recommended the Gimbel brothers, who are the owners of three department stores in Manhattan, with the result that about half of the local Hearst treasures, each one priced and tagged like conventional department-store merchandise, will go on sale at Saks-Fifth Avenue and Gimbels next Monday. The Gimbels and the Hammers are splitting a commission on everything sold; the Gimbels are supplying the exhibition space and presumably the customers, while the Hammers have done the cataloguing and pricing and have helped select a knowing staff of a hundred and twenty-five salespeople for the occasion, including several art students recommended by New York University and one former curator of the Louvre. Saks-Fifth Avenue is selling paintings and a certain number of small objects of art, and Gimbels, which is devoting its entire fifth floor to the sale, is taking over practically everything except paintings.

Since the articles which have been transferred to the two stores constitute only part of the whole and do not include, for instance, most of the seventy dismantled rooms, the warehouses do not as yet look very different inside from what they have for the past fifteen years. The comparison is not one which many people are likely to make, as the warehouses have been so closely guarded that until 1938, when Hearst began selling his possessions, hardly anyone ever got inside except Mr. Hearst and a staff of some thirty attendants and cataloguers employed on the premises. The ground-floor windows were long ago bricked up and almost any stranger who rang the bell at the small, locked front door was sternly turned away. During the past three years a few interested collectors and dealers have been allowed in. The Saks-Gimbels sale is scheduled to last two months, and during this time the stock in the warehouses will dwindle as the stock in the shops is replenished. A few of the less portable collector's items, such as an English manor house and a Spanish monastery, the latter packed in fourteen thousand crates, cannot be shown at Gimbels, but photographs taken before the build-



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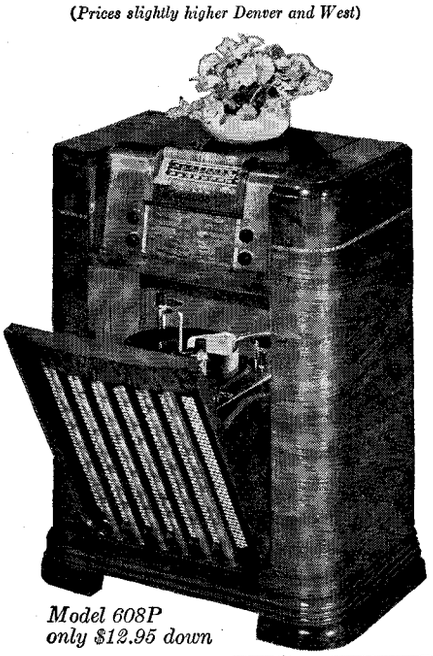

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ings were dismembered will be displayed there and the prices will be indicated on small white cards. The asking price for the monastery will be $50,000. It cost Hearst something like ten times that to buy it and bring it here, but at the time he very much wanted a monastery.

LAST week, while things were being moved into the two Gimbel stores, I went up to the warehouses to inspect some of Mr. Hearst's more tangible assets. I rang the doorbell of the main warehouse—a five-story building which runs the entire length of the block between 143rd and 144th Street and is joined to the smaller warehouse in the rear by an arcade—and received a prolonged, speakeasy stare from a man in blue overalls who opened the door four or five inches. I asked to see Mr. James J. O'Neill, president of Byrnes Brothers, the firm in charge of the moving, and the man in overalls grunted and let me in. Mr. O'Neill, who was expecting me, was standing in a vast room full of crates, statues, and miscellaneous objects. He informed me he had five trucks constantly on the job and that the first big move to stock the stores would take thirty days, or a little longer than it recently took for his company to move Tiffany's. The job as a whole is a great deal bigger than the Tiffany one, however, since not only will the moving of additional stock continue throughout the sale but whatever of Mr. Hearst's property is left in the stores after the sale is over will be moved back to the warehouses. Mr. O'Neill told me that one truckload consisted of stained glass valued at $400,000, that each load was insured for a flat $150,000 while it was in transit, and that it would probably take two hundred and fifty loads in all to stock the stores. I found out later that Gimbels is insuring the contents of its fifth floor for $11,000,000. The total value of the Bronx collection has been estimated at something over $25,000,000.

On the first floor, Mr. O'Neill and I were joined by the head warehouse attendant, a large, sober, pipe-smoking man named Jack, who pointed at several thousand wooden crates containing parts of the Spanish monastery and said, "Here, Mr. O'Neill, is a moving job that would give you sleepless nights. You can't bounce this stuff out like those trinkets upstairs." The crates were stencilled in large black letters with such identifying phrases as "2 parts of ceiling," "1 base, 1 capital," and so on. Many of them were also marked "W. R. H., New York." I was told that the monastery had been erected in 1141 and that Hearst had bought it in 1927. He had it dismantled and transported on a specially built railroad spur from its site in Sacramenia, a little town in Segovia Province. Hearst paid to have a new monastery erected for the order that owned the original, and ran into a further expense when the fourteen thousand cases got here and had to be repacked, at a cost of five dollars apiece ($70,000) because inspectors of the Bureau of Animal Industry felt that the Spanish straw which lined the cases might be a carrier of hoof-and-mouth disease. The crates are of various shapes and sizes—some long, narrow ones contain beams—and they occupy most of the basement as well as the first floor of the main warehouse. Other parts of the monastery are in the second warehouse. The entire monastery, when set up, would run one hundred and thirty by one hundred and twenty feet, complete with cloisters, refectory, kitchen, chapter house, and cells for twenty-one penitents. Three prospective purchasers have expressed interest in it—a Boston group which wants it for a museum, a New Yorker who is ready to finance its return to Spain as a gesture of international good will, and a Southern politician who thinks he can talk his state legislature into rebuilding it somewhere in the state; he believes that, as the oldest Christian building in the western hemisphere, it would attract crowds of devout, Spanish-speaking tourists.

Accompanied by Mr. O'Neill and Jack, I picked my way past the crates to a section of the floor where warehouse attendants and Byrnes Brothers men were packing several dozen wooden figures of men and animals. "Part of a castle," said Jack. I asked him what castle, and he said he didn't know. I learned from the International Studio office later that Hearst does *not* have a castle stored away in the Bronx, all gossip to the contrary notwithstanding.

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What he does have in this line is just a lot of panelling and decorative trim taken from various castles. We walked past some Chinese mandarin figures, a huge stone fireplace, a German stone cannon, a radio tagged "From Mr. W. Donahue, to be held for account of W. R. Hearst, Jr.," and a sign reading "The Fellow Who Laughs at Safety Is Headed for an Accident," and stopped, solemnly, before a rather special type of statue which, Jack said, had been sold to a private buyer direct from the warehouse before the Gimbel-Hammer deal had been made and was about to be shipped to its owner. Mr. O'Neill took a look at the statue and said, "It's a woman." He took another look and recoiled. "It's a man!" he yelled. "My God, can you imagine that!" Jack pulled at his pipe calmly. "It's a maphrodity," he observed, with the composure of a man who has spent fifteen years in a warehouse surrounded by art.

WE took a big freight elevator to the second floor, where Jack and Mr. O'Neill left me with Victor Hammer, who was busy pricing things for the sale. He stopped to show me around. Mr. Hammer called my attention to a vast number of silver articles, including twenty-nine pieces for which Hearst, who as a collector was more interested in silver and armor than in anything else, paid $218,000 at the Lord Swaythling sale in London in 1924. Among them was a 1556 tankard which Mr. Hearst bought for $30,000. I was told later that Mr. Hearst's passion for silver was so great that he sometimes tried to buy the same thing twice. Several years ago, after reading an article about old English silver in one of his own publications, the *International Studio Magazine*, he instructed an agent to buy a piece of silver he had seen described, alongside its photograph, as belonging to the Lord Londonderry collection. The agent looked into the matter and wired back that this piece had already been sold at auction. Hearst commanded him to track it down and offer a large sum for it, and was advised later that he himself had bought it for half the price five years earlier. I gathered that this occurrence was by no means exceptional, and that if Mr. Hearst should be in town during the next few weeks and stop in at Gimbels, he might spend a fortune on old English silver.

Mr. Hammer told me how the pricing is being done. As soon as he has arrived at what he considers the right price for an object, he submits it to the Inter-

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national Studio people. Ninety times out of a hundred they agree with him, and eight out of ten disagreements are settled by compromises. In these cases, Hammer's figure is always too low to suit the Hearst officials. About two out of every hundred of his prices are twenty-five per cent or more below what Hearst's men think they ought to be. Such articles are withdrawn from the sale. The International Studio estimates are naturally affected by the prices paid by Hearst. Hammer, on the other hand, ignores the purchase prices; he names his with the detachment of a stockbroker advising a client to sell.

I made a somewhat sketchy inventory of some objects we saw on the second floor: thirty-four majolica plates, which I was told had cost over $250,000; several banjos, guitars, and mandolins; some eighteenth-century lustreware; an Italian altar piece; a ship's compass; a fourteenth-century Spanish carved polychrome wooden shrine; fifteen or twenty heavily carved Renaissance buffet tables; twenty or more chandeliers, including one of rock crystal priced by Mr. Hammer at $3,000; a collection of steins; a grandfather's clock that had belonged to Benjamin Franklin, for which Hearst paid $4,675; dozens of pewter plates, bottles, and tea caddies; eight or ten ship models, several ship's figureheads, and a large bronze ship's bell; and an eighteenth-century American whalebone collapsible yarn-winder. Hammer went off for a few minutes to confer with an appraiser. Looking around on my own hook, I came across some ribald Peruvian figurines, tagged "Not to leave the warehouse;" thirty or forty sets of such standard authors as Dickens, Scott, Galsworthy, Conrad, Byron, and Hawthorne, expensively bound in morocco; a large illustrated book entitled "The History of the Flagellants;" and a dozen or so old-fashioned stereopticon slides made from photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Hearst taken on their travels thirty or more years ago. The slides belong to Mr. Hearst personally, not to the International Studio Art Corporation, I learned, and are not to be included in the sale.

THE third floor, which I inspected under Mr. Hammer's guidance, presented even more of a hodgepodge than the second. Among the objects stored here were a writing desk that once belonged to Dickens, a set of seven Chippendale chairs for which Hearst paid $12,000, a china flute, some Dutch tiles, some andirons, a ship's figurehead of an Indian princess, tapestried chairs, tiled stoves, carved coats of arms, an

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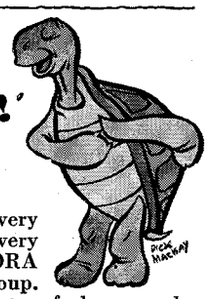

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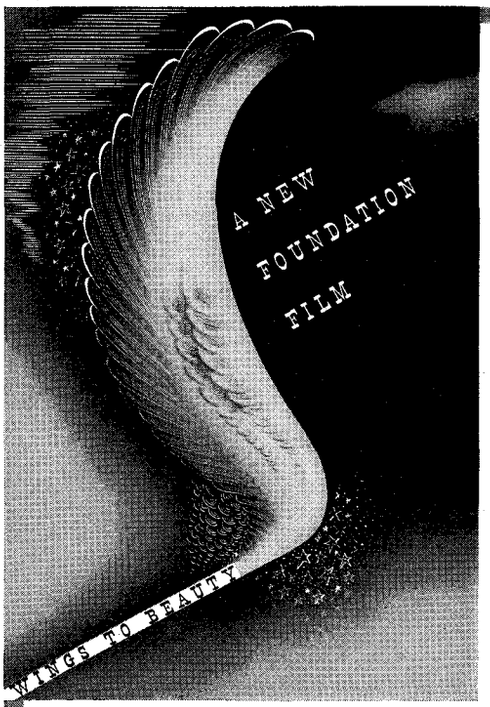
early-nineteenth-century Dutch walnut-and-ivory spinning wheel, an antique English chiming clock, and some chests, mirrors, cabinets, candlesticks, and door knockers. Hammer remarked that for years two cabinetmakers have been working full time just walking around the warehouses and making repairs. He then led me to a large arms-and-armor collection at one end of an immense room. This room contained several rows of suits of armor, shrouded by sheets, and two life-size wooden horses, one brown and one black. The lower half of an equestrian figure sat forlornly on the brown horse. Hearst has for several years kept an armorer at work in the warehouses, a Scotsman named George Donald, to whom Mr. Hammer introduced me. Mr. Donald took me into his shop on the third floor and showed me several suits he was polishing up for Gimbels and an assortment of polearms, which he identified as catchpoles, glaives, halberds, tilting lances, partisans, *Ahlspiesse*, and spontoons. He also pointed out a cabinet filled with some fifty sixteenth- and seventeenth-century guns inlaid with hunting and mythological scenes in silver and carved ivory, another cabinet full of swords, daggers, rapiers, and hunting knives, and a dozen drawers containing pistols, including one that once belonged to Louis XIII. Armor rusts easily, so the Byrnes Brothers packers had to wear gloves when they handled it. Mr. Hammer said that Robert Ripley had recently visited the arms-and-armor collection and had shown interest—which would probably ripen at the Gimbels sale—in a catchpole with a spiked collar, designed to pull a man off a horse's back, and in some punishment masks, iron garments which kept their wearers from moving their heads or talking. Mr. Hammer also said that the average Gimbels customer is really in the market for armorial objects, whether he knows it or not. "We will sell daggers for letter-openers, parts of armor for paperweights, and shields for foyers," he said.

Mr. Donald opened his mouth and then closed it. We went back to the big room on the floor, where I noticed a terra-cotta figure of Judith holding the decapitated head of Holofernes; the scattered parts of a pipe organ that was once in the home owned by Hearst at Sands Point; and a lot of Delft china, a large mirror surmounted by a gilt eagle, a Grecian marble head, several Spanish chests, a number of statues, desks, and clocks, and a pair of Chinese porcelain vases about five feet high. Hammer had priced the vases at $250 each. "You



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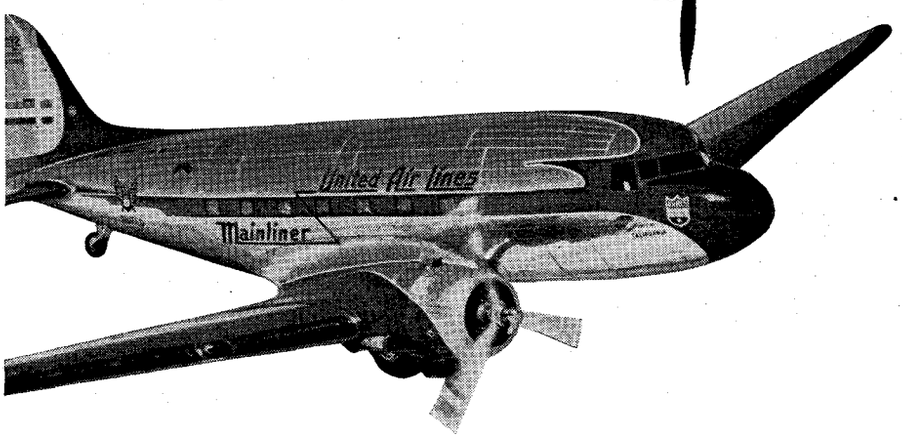

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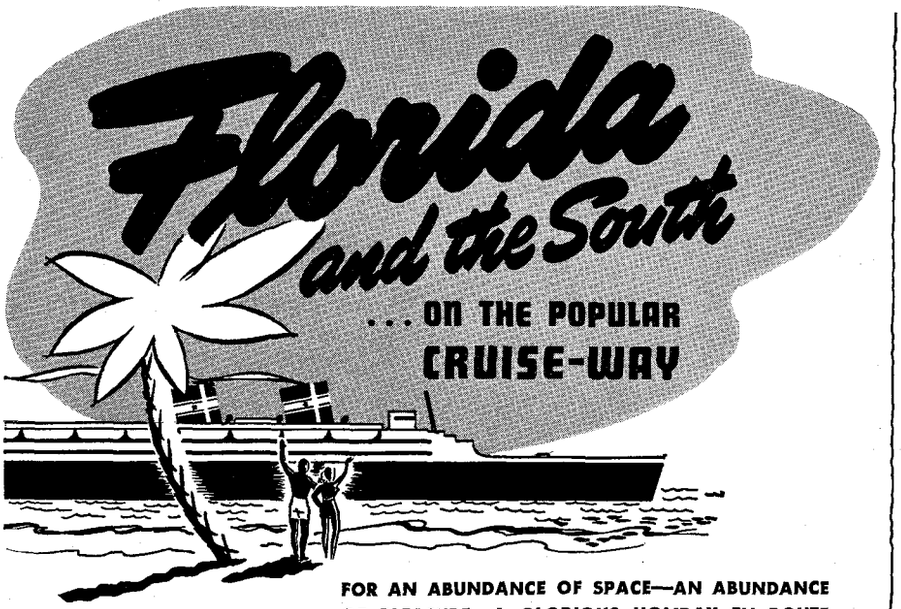

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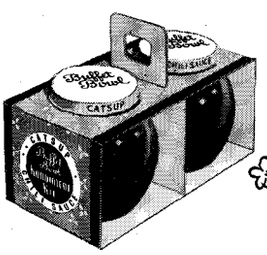

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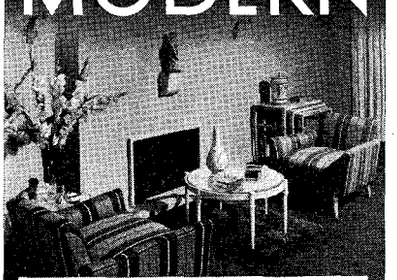

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take into consideration the fact that no one wants anything that large," he explained. At the opposite end of the floor were two or three rooms of paintings, mostly on rolling racks similar to those in the basement of the Metropolitan Museum. Among the well-known artists represented were Fragonard, Greuze, Gainsborough, Botticini, Boucher, Murillo, and Childe Hassam. Many of the paintings, however, were by unknown men with a tendency to depict nothing but nautical scenes or beautiful women.

I was about ready to go home and lie down by this time, but Mr. Hammer persuaded me to accompany him to the fourth floor by promising to show me the most important bed in the world. "Here it is—the most important bed in the world," he said, pointing to a large, canopied four-poster, "but I forget why." I forget just what the most important bed in the world looked like, because there were fifty other beds on the floor, most of them also with canopies and elaborately carved bedsteads. Some had four walls and a ceiling, almost as though they were little rooms. I walked away from them with a confused impression of what I had seen. I do recall seeing two sets of rather modest twin beds made out of Gothic panels, however, which were once slept in by four of Hearst's sons and which are now priced at $395 a pair, mattresses and box springs thrown in. I also remember, among the fourth-floor novelties, a globe of the world about eight feet in circumference, forty or fifty hunting-lodge lighting fixtures made out of elk horns, a great many marble tables, dozens of carved church stalls, and several sarcophagus-like chests, stacked three high, which, Hammer said, are called *cassoni*, were used in the Middle Ages to hold trousseaux, cost Hearst from $5,000 to $27,000 apiece, and would be priced at a small fraction of their cost.

Mr. Hammer advised me not to get the idea that everything in the sale was going to be expensive, and by way of setting me straight on this point he showed me an Early American yarn-winding reel, marked $10.50, and a mangy Georgian fireplace brush bearing a tag on which $3.00 had been crossed out and $2.95 substituted. "The International Studio Corporation once sent it to an exhibition and marked it three dollars," he said, "but I thought two ninety-five was a better department-store price." The International Studio people let him have his way on this, so he applied this formula to many other items. In general, the prices Mr. Ham-

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mer gave me left me with the impression that if Hearst got back ten cents on the dollar he would be doing well.

BEFORE we left the fourth floor, Mr. Hammer pointed to a locked door behind which, he said, was a moth-proof vault containing $8,000,000 worth of tapestries, including a set of six for which Hearst had paid the late Lord Duveen $575,000. "They're rolled up now and don't look like anything," he said. He informed me that, assisted by appraisers, he had been pricing several hundred objects a day for two or three weeks, and that he expected to tag twelve thousand items before the sale was over. He offered to take me through the second warehouse, which contains, among other things, several thousand crates packed with the parts of Kiddal Hall, a two-story English manor house erected around 1500 in Yorkshire and possessing a number of mullioned windows and carved-oak ceiling timbers. I had seen enough crates for one afternoon and declined Mr. Hammer's offer. The catholicity of Mr. Hearst's taste had sapped my strength, and my condition was not improved by a conversation I overheard as I went down to the ground floor in the big freight elevator. "Mrs. Hearst was here the other day to see if anything of hers was around," said a man who looked like an attendant to a man who looked like a mover, "and she said to me, 'How could one man buy all these things?' I said, 'Well, if you don't know, who does?' And then she said, 'I think he went out and bought things whenever he was worried.' " The man who looked like a mover nodded his head understandingly.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

There was that in his hollow and angular carriage, in his dark, damaged eyes —a scar cut across the left brow and lid corner—his witty nose and tragic mouth, surmounted by a minute mustache like a chickadee perched on a barbed-wire barricade, that suggested military experience and endured adventure.—*From "If Love I Must," by Katherine Newlin Burt, in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

Any particular war?

•

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT
(SHAME ON AMHERST DIVISION)

[*From the Washington (D.C.) Times-Herald*]

SOUTH HADLEY, Mass., Dec. 25—Mount Holyoke College not only prepares its students for a successful life but for a lone one, it was revealed today.

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Engineers of the Zenith Radio Corporation *again* give you a most remarkable invention . . . the *Patented* Movable Wavemagnet in a portable radio which you can carry in one hand, self-powered with a light, one-piece battery pack. Under all ordinary circumstances it works without outside aerial . . . without outside wires or ground.

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Take this wonder portable where ordinary portables will not work efficiently; in a train, airplane, bus, ship, auto or any windowed building where metal construction *keeps out reception.* The secret of why it works while others fail is in the *Patented* Movable Wavemagnet, which is exclusive with Zenith.

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At home, in the office, in hotels, if you want to save your battery, plug into any light socket . . . 110 volt AC or DC. That will automatically disconnect your battery and save it for outdoors or travel.

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This Zenith portable has storage space for earphones . . . (extra equipment) for use at ball games, fights, or while travelling; for privacy in reception without loudspeaker. At home—no annoyance to those in the next room or even in the next bed when you listen with Zenith earphones or Hushatone. A boon to the hard of hearing, too.

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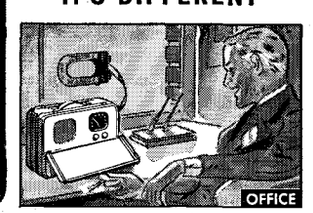

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Great White Fleet

MUSICAL EVENTS

Gluck, Mahler, and Stravinsky

BY making available Gluck's "Alceste," which hadn't previously been performed in New York, the Metropolitan won new honors for enterprise and at the same time put everyone concerned on something of a spot. Gluck composed the music drama to demonstrate his theory that in opera the music must animate and color the story without following artificial traditions or treating the singers to opportunities for irrelevant vocal display. The composer lived up to his premise and his promise with almost too much success. "Alceste" is difficult to sing and to produce because of the "beautiful simplicity" at which Gluck, according to his preface to the score, was aiming. Vocal bobbles that wouldn't seem important in many other operas are unusually evident when they happen in "Alceste." Eccentricities in staging become unpremeditated comedy.

None of the principals did a complete job on the music. Miss Marjorie Lawrence was expressive and sometimes moving, but she ran into technical trouble. René Maison got the idea, but he didn't seem especially comfortable in some of his assignment. One could make a catalogue of various "buts," and the net would be an all-over impression that most of the singers, however earnest, weren't on home ground. That wouldn't go, though, for the chorus, which sang with simple beauty. The orchestra, under the efficient guidance of Ettore Panizza, was excellent, as usual.

The staging, including the ballet, ranged from plain to fancy. When it was plain, it was fine, and when it was fancy, Gluck was out of luck.

So everything wasn't right as right can be, yet enough was right to make the production an important event in the opera season. "Alceste" is no historic curio that stands up only because of its educational implications; discounting some monotony of mood in the first act, it is music drama by a master who knew what he was talking about and could prove it in the theatre as well as in a preface.

GENERALLY speaking, the same people who promote the music of Bruckner also work for the compositions of Mahler. Bruno Walter, a practical exponent of both composers, is making literary efforts in behalf of the composers rather unnecessary by presenting Bruckner and Mahler so brilliantly that even the opposition gets a boot out of the music. Last week, he conducted the Philharmonic-Symphony in Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" with immense intensity and finesse. That isn't anything new for Mr. Walter, who directed the first performance of this work in 1911 and has been offering it frequently ever since, but I doubt if he has often matched the power of last week's showing. The soloists, Mme. Kerstin Thorborg and Charles Kullman, were valiant and understanding, although sometimes lost in the mass of orchestral tone. That's likely to happen when you get about a hundred instrumentalists and two singers on the same platform.

"Das Lied von der Erde" is, to my ears, Mahler's masterpiece. Some of it is self-conscious and slightly fussy, but most of it is direct, dramatic, and at times entertaining. It really isn't something that demands a conditioned listener; it carries conviction without that sort of buildup.

THE *Original* Ballet Russe, which kept right on for a while at the Fifty-first Street Theatre after the conclusion of its originally scheduled season, livened up its doings with "Balustrade," a new ballet based on Igor Stravinsky's violin concerto. The concerto, as such, wasn't anything to get hot and bothered about when it was introduced here as a concert piece, but it stimulated George Balanchine to a dizzily diverting choreographic venture. Everything happened, including a kind of triple wrestling match involving Mlle. Tamara Toumanova, Roman Jasinsky, and Paul Petroff. The evolutions and designs of the ballet were animal, vegetable, and maybe mineral, and although I can't explain what it was all about, I know it was ingenious and skillful. Mr. Stravinsky conducted ably, Samuel Dushkin played the solo expertly, and the audience turned in an ovation that sounded like Madison Square Garden and probably was heard there.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

Si vous voulez rire, venez voir demain soir au Ciné Hickson "Le Nouveau Testament."—*Nouméa (New Caledonia) Franco-Austral.*

It'll panic you, folks.

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HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF • ALLYN JOSLYN
Josephine Hull • Jean Adair • John Alexander
FULTON Thea. W. 46St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

See page 38 for Additional Theatre Advertising

OF ALL THINGS

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT broke another precedent when he sailed out to greet Lord Halifax. Nobody had ever gone that far to meet a man who wanted to borrow something.

•

Colonel Lindbergh has reached a unique position. Apparently he is the only man living who hopes the war will come out a tie.

•

Rome explained that it lost twenty thousand "heroes" in the fall of Tobruk. The British hoped they'd catch an equally nice mess of heroes at Derna.

•

There is talk of bringing a lot of captured Italian privates to England, where they can earn their board and keep. It is bad enough to have to support all those useless generals.

•

Reports of the recent meeting of the dictators are vague, but we may be pretty sure of one thing. Benito did not ask Adolf, "How'm I doin'?"

•

William Bullitt may be right when he says that the British need our arms but not our armies. This is not one of those old-style wars, in which soldiers shoot off guns at each other.

•

The Gallup survey puts Roosevelt's popularity with the public at 71 per cent, a new record. On the other hand, his popularity with Senator Wheeler is at an all-time low.

•

The circus is going streamlined under the direction of Norman Bel Geddes. The show is to have all the leading features of the New York World's Fair except Grover Whalen and a deficit.

•

Senator Hatch now believes that campaign funds should be furnished by the government. Taxpayers should foot the bill if they want to be led and misled every four years.

•

The Japanese are trying to boost the birth rate sufficiently to achieve a population of 100,000,000 by 1960. That would assure them of a big army to use in case of incidents.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

SAM H. HARRIS PRODUCTIONS
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
in a Musical Play
"LADY IN THE DARK"
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Music by KURT WEILL Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN Production by HASSARD SHORT
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"GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE"
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"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"
A Comedy by
MOSS HART and GEO. S. KAUFMAN
with MONTY WOOLLEY
MUSIC BOX, 45 St. W. of B'way • Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN presents
JANE COWL
A New Comedy by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
"Old Acquaintance"
with KENT SMITH
Directed by AURIOL LEE
PEGGY WOOD
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MY SISTER EILEEN
A New Comedy by
JOSEPH FIELDS and JEROME CHODOROV
Based on the stories by RUTH McKENNEY
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
BILTMORE TH. 47th St. W. of B'way. Cl 6-9353
EVGS. 8:40. MATS. WED. & SAT., 2:40

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PAL JOEY
Book by JOHN O'HARA
RODGERS and HART SONGS
with VIVIENNE SEGAL—GENE KELLY
JACK DURANT—JUNE HAVOC
Barrymore Thea., W. 47th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A MASTERPIECE"
—*Atkinson, Times*
Herman Shumlin presents
ETHEL BARRYMORE in
"THE CORN IS GREEN"
A play by Emlyn Williams
Directed by Mr. Shumlin
NATIONAL Theatre, 41 St., W. of B'way. PE 6-8220
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ELMER RICE'S
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with Betty Field, Arnold Moss
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The Homestead Spa urges you to discuss with your physician the benefits of spa treatments once a year. For literature, etc., address The Homestead, Hot Springs, Virginia, or its New York office in the Waldorf-Astoria.

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BEST REGARDS

MOST people who know Fred Menden describe him as a good-natured lug, or a pleasant sort of lout, or just "that dope Menden." He is worse than this to me. I find everything about him objectionable, from his pudgy, inept fingers and myopic sheep's eyes to his habit of whining apologies for the steady dribble of little physical mishaps he subjects you to when you're with him. While he's passing you a cup of coffee, he spills some in the saucer, so the cup drips when you lift it, and if he helps you on with your overcoat, he knocks off your hat.

Walking with Fred Menden is torture. He's always about four inches in front of you and edges toward you as you walk, so you unconsciously yield ground and finally find yourself rubbed up against a building or tottering on the brink of cellar stairs. If you're on the street side, you end up walking tightrope on the curb while he nudges you toward the gutter. Several times, when I've had to walk with him, I've stopped still and gone around him to his other side, only to have him veer toward me again with the same soft persistence. Once, when I stopped to change sides, he said, "Golly, chum, what's eating you?" and when I said, as nicely as I could, that he'd been crowding me, he said, "Gosh, fellah, I'm sorry." That's another thing about Fred; somewhere he picks up self-kidding Southern and stale pukka-sahib talk, and Bert Lahr couldn't make the mixture sound worse than he does. (In appearance, Fred is more like Oliver Hardy.)

Once I let Fred drive me to work in his car. We leaned up against other cars, blundered through the lights when they turned red, and stalled when they turned green; we made wobbly left turns from the right-hand lane—all to the accompaniment of clashing gears and Fred's inane, apologetic giggles whenever we had a close shave. Later, when he'd managed to park the car and we were walking to the building in which we both have offices, he made a typical Fred Menden ingenuous remark, the kind that makes people hate and pity him. "Gad, old sport," he said, "do you notice how doggone *much* folks blow their horns these days?"

I knew, of course, that the bedlam of angry tootings had been directed at us, and rightfully, but I didn't want to hurt his feelings, so I merely nodded. Then came the Menden *coup de grâce*. "Thank the Lordy I know how to drive without leaning on the old horn but-

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A New Comedy by Owen Davis
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from the Stories by Frances & Richard Lockridge
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If you can't use your theatre tickets . . . . please send them to the Lighthouse, 111 East 59th Street, which will distribute them to the blind of our city. They love a good show. Tickets can be sent up to four P. M. of the day of the performance. The telephone number is VOlunteer 5-2200, Extension 25.

The Woman's Executive Committee of The New York Association for the Blind, Mrs. George F. Baker, Chairman, Mrs. Dewees W. Dilworth, Co-Chairman.

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ton, what?" said Fred. "Noticed you were nervous a bit, though. Too much hotcha?"

UNTIL a few days ago I hadn't thought about Fred for several months, because I'd managed to keep from seeing him (except for the few times he'd bumped me or stepped on my foot as we passed each other in the lobby of our building). Then, last Thursday, I saw an advertisement that reminded me of him. It showed a picture of an automobile, and above that a letter to a man named Jim, thanking him "a million" for introducing the writer to this particular car. The letter was signed "Fred," and I'm convinced it's authentic—a genuine Fred Menden. For one thing, instead of dots over the "i"s, there are little circles—an affectation I'd thought reserved for movie actresses and their feminine fans, but which, I suddenly realized, fits Menden perfectly; and for another, the style of the letter is so obnoxious that only Fred Menden could have contrived it.

The letter follows:

DEAR JIM:

You were right. —'s in a class by itself. And there's nothing else like Shifto-Hedral Drive! It's a real relief to find there's no clutch to keep pumping—and it shifts its own gears a lot more smoothly than I could do it. Thanks a million for introducing me to no-clutch, no-shift driving!

Best regards,
FRED

That's pure Menden. Who else would think of driving in terms of clutch-pumping, as if cars were operated by foot power, like bicycles? And who but Menden would buy a car *before* discovering (to his relief) that there's no clutch to keep pumping? (I realize the letter doesn't actually state he's already bought the car, but Fred Menden wouldn't talk about anything so fulsomely if it weren't already his.) "Thanks a million" is straight Menden, and so is that breezy "Best regards." If there'd been a patronizing P.S. saying "My best to the little woman," I'd have spotted the letter for a too-perfect imitation, but this one's the McCoy, or rather the Menden.

I CAN picture Fred in this new car of his. I can see him at the wheel with a weak, mean little smile on his face, cutting in and out of traffic, crowding people, blasting pedestrians with his powerful two-tone horn, depending on big hydraulic brakes and flashing pick-up to save him from sideswipes or the necessity for facing an irate driver he's chiselled. I can see him doing it, and I

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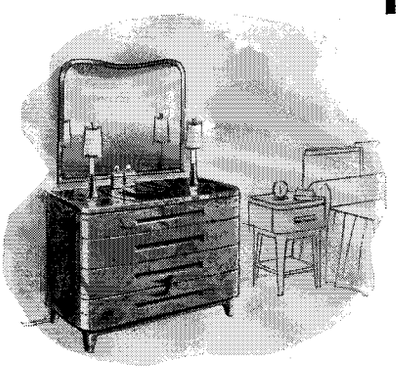

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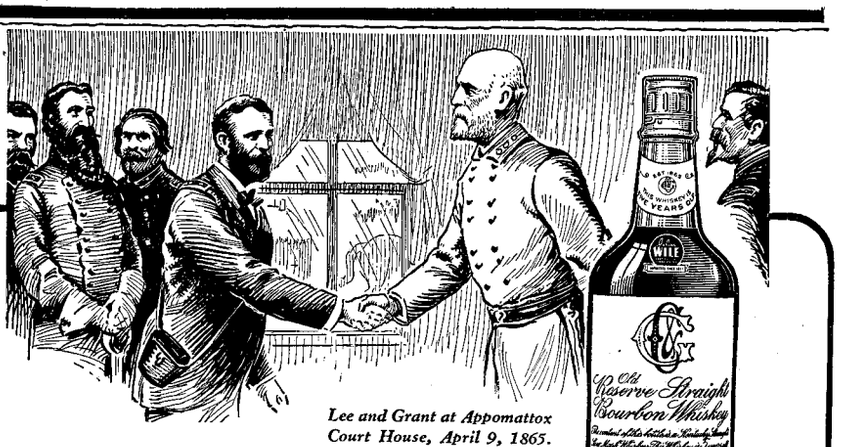

Lee and Grant at Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865.

When, in 1865, Generals Lee and Grant clasped hands, American industry entered a new era. That year the house of Chapin & Gore was founded. It has been under present management 45 years. C & G Old Reserve Straight Bourbon Whiskey is a Kentucky product of distinction. Old Fashions, Manhattans and other drinks made with it have inimitable flavor. "Ask any old timer."

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The Fable of the Two Squirrels

Once upon a time there were two squirrels who had taken apartments in adjoining trees. Their names were Mr. Hasty and Mr. Tasty.

When the nutting season opened, Mr. Hasty dashed around like mad all day long with his cheeks full of nuts. Mr. Tasty didn't seem to work nearly as hard. He would sniff each nut critically—look at it from all sides—heft it in his mouth. Once in a while he would find one that exactly suited him, and only then would he store it away.

In no time at all Mr. Hasty had his storeroom full. He sat on a high branch, watching his neighbor still poking around, and said to himself, "You mark my word, before the Winter is over that fussy Mr. Tasty will be over here borrowing nuts."

But he was dead wrong. It worked out the other way.

What happened was that most of Mr. Hasty's nuts were wormy, and a lot of them were nothing but empty shells with the kernels all withered up.

Mr. Tasty didn't get his hollow filled till snow flew, but what he had were *The Nuts.*

• • •

Moral: Buying furniture is no gamble at Sloane's. You know what's inside the shell. You know you won't start right in re-gluing the joints, planing down drawers, retying springs and stuffing back the padding. The furniture you buy at Sloane's will cost you little or no more; you'll always be proud of it—and so will your grandchildren.

W&J SLOANE

FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH • NEW YORK

can see into his brain. He's saying to himself, "Gad, what a car! Zoom! I go. Oops! Gosh, what a stop!" And all the time he's feeling good because this fine, no-clutch, no-shift car makes him the equal or superior of every real driver in an older car. Many good drivers who learned to double-clutch big, old cars, who know how to change a clincher-rim tire, and who have driven through the country in the winter without benefit of defrosters and Sealed Beam headlights are at his mercy. Good drivers who signal turns and dim for oncoming cars, who share the road and treat their cars well and nicely, are in jeopardy because Fred Menden has a high-powered gadget that practically drives itself.

And does he love it? Not Fred. He loves using it up; he'll abuse it until the damn thing falls apart. Then he'll come into my office one morning, put his arm around my shoulders so his moist, fat fingers touch my neck, and say, "Pal, I'm doing a smart thing. Ole car's actin' up, so I think I'll get me a new one. Yessir, chum, trade 'em in while they're young, take it from me. You get a swell allowance on the old bus and you always got a new one under you." Then, when I'm about to whang him, he'll look at me wistfully and say, "You think I'm doing right?" and I'll nod. Then he'll say, "You bet you, sport," and as he goes out the door he'll raise his eyebrows like Jack Haley and say, "Thanks a million!"

When he's gone, I'll be so mad there'll be spots in front of my eyes—or rather little circles, like the little rings Fred Menden makes over the "i"s in "million." —A. C. SPECTORSKY

•

CHANTEY FOR LANDLUBBERS

Seasickness may eventually be conquered by mathematical formulae, according to a report made at a meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.—*The Times.*

Ye men of science, haste to add,
  Subtract, and multiply, O,
Work slide rules to and fro like mad,
  Give yet another try, O;

Use algebra and calculus,
  Determine the square root, O,
Try logarithms various,
  The worth of x compute, O;

Keep at your figuring, wise men,
  Produce your formulae, O,
And let us know precisely when
  We may put out to sea, O!

—RICHARD ARMOUR

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

A MATTER-OF-FACT, competent, and useful look has always been appropriate for non-vacationing women at this time of year and it would seem more so than ever at this particular point in our history. Bernath, at 571 Madison Avenue (56th), a newcomer, caters to a yen for clothes that produce just such a look, but he acts like an old-timer in his ability to supply treasures, both in sportswear and in things that are loosely classified under the heading of "spectator." There are suits, made of English suède in any one of twenty-five colors, that cost $89 and are as good for Manhattan streets as for hunt meets. For strictly sportswear, jackets may be fitted and cut slightly long, with zippered fronts and turnover collars. One such suit is a burnt-yellow color and has a brown suède yoke and belt; a street suit comes in rusty-red suède and has slight gathers below the chestline. Yokes are emphasized throughout the collection, whether they contrast with the rest of the ensemble or not. Topcoats to match the suits may be swagger and collarless or more formal, with turnover collars, self buttons down the front, and fine darts to nip in the waistline.

Capeskin, too, gets full representation at Bernath. It appears in full-length coats with vast patch pockets and in three-quarter affairs with stitched detail; $79, either ready-to-wear or made to order. For golf and other striding sports, you may have a flaring skirt of capeskin lined with taffeta, a leather vest with or without short tweed sleeves, and a tweed topcoat that has a leather yoke. You will also find excellent tailored suits in men's fabrics, starting at $59, either ready-to-wear or made to measure. A glen plaid, for example, is used in a single- or double-breasted jacket with a skirt that may be either straight or circular. There are topcoats to match, in a good selection of tweeds and other wools. As for blouses—those simple, easy things which are so hard to get Right—you will find tailored ones in a variety of materials, from men's English shirting to foulards of all types. Most everything is made in the shop's own workrooms from original designs.

YOU may think you are a knit addict, but you haven't fully realized the wonders knits can achieve until you have seen what Aileen Rice-Eleanor Lang, at 22 East 54th Street, have to offer. Hand-knits at this place are done on needles so slender that the results look like woven goods; all are custom-made and lovingly fitted at prices which start at $75—and you'll know why when you look. There is nothing stern in their design to relegate them to the country; look at a horizontally knit turquoise dress with a maroon grosgrain bow at the throat and a belt to match the bow. Then there's a fitted navy-blue collarless suit that has scrollwork on its three pockets as its only trimming (they adore tricks with pockets here); it has a straight skirt that looks as though it were made of a very fine wool, vertically tucked to give the effect of knife pleats.

Some of the suits consist of over-checked jackets with plain skirts, and there are many separate jackets that might be employed in a number of capacities—over winter or summer sports clothes or with a dinner ensemble, to name a couple. Dinner suits are an especial delight of the house. One has a long, fitted overblouse with long sleeves; tiny coral beads, seed pearls, and gold-metal-thread embroidery decorate its pockets, which are high on the chest. The slim skirt to go with it is slit up the front almost to the knee. All through the shop you will see things which require an expert second or third glance for complete appreciation but which also have a style apparent even to the quick once-over of the unthinking mob.

WHETHER you need a hastily assembled Southern wardrobe for an unexpected trip now or are one of those forehanded people who realize that this is the best time to pick up what you'll need for next June, the California Shop, at 674 Madison Avenue (61st), is a little haven you should remember. What is certainly one of *the* tailored dresses of the season in New York is made of a soft sharkskin sort of fabric with a dull surface; it has long sleeves, a notched collar, a pigskin belt, elk-horn buttons

"If you'd care to go a little higher, Ma'am, I could show you some that work."

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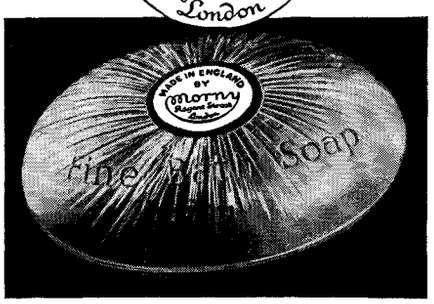

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down the front, and pockets high on the chest, and when you see it in beige, it suggests the Rough Riders. This is $25. The shop has some pastel woollen dresses for around $17, which are good either for Southern wear or for that light touch favored under fur coats at the moment. Slacks, man-tailored and nice and flat behind, may be accompanied by long jackets of natural cotton in a herringbone pattern or by striped rayon-crêpe blouses that have wrist-length sleeves and are made extra long, so there's no chance of their pulling loose. Among the quantities of California play clothes are some pink-and-blue cotton suits with stripes that run horizontally on the tops and vertically on the pants, and a sleeveless, pink, ribbed cotton princesse dress that may be worn over these or separately. There's a play suit called Air Mail because it has a pocket that is outlined in red, white, and blue and looks just like an air-mail envelope. It's made of a rayon—something between shark and piqué in appearance—and has a severely plain top that buttons down the back (a very popular idea here) and red, white, and blue buttons to match the pocket. The shorts with it are as full as a skirt.

REMINDER BY REQUEST: If our phone calls are any indication, everybody wants to be told again the name of our pet shoe-repairing place. It is B. Nelson, of 10 East 39th Street, a shop which can salvage your rash buying mistakes by lengthening or widening. They also do an exceptional resoling job. Those high heels you fancied so wrongly will be pared down here and the arches reshaped. In fact, B. Nelson can quickly restore you to light-footedness.

OTHER NOTES: Jordeau's Mint Julep Face Mask is fun. It has the cool tang its name implies and leaves your skin taut and clear. At Arnold Constable. . . . Lelong, always notable for inspired ways of presenting his offerings, has come forward with a striped cotton packet containing loose powder and a liberal puff, plus rouge and lipstick, in his new Nasturtium shade—vivid and with a coppery tinge to make it go well with tanned skins and brilliant sunlight. The lipstick has exceptional adhering powers, too. —L. L.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From PM]

"What is your name?" someone asked her.

"Princess Stephanie Hohenlohe Waldenburg-Schillingsfurst," she replied easily.

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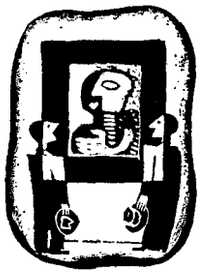
THE ART GALLERIES

Indians!

THERE'S a totem pole on West Fifty-third Street, put up to remind passers-by that the Modern Museum's American Indian exhibit is now going on inside, and the American Abstract Artists must really be burning up. They're the group, you may remember, who picketed the place during its Italian exhibition, and their protest was based on the fairly reasonable ground that a collection of Renaissance sculpture and painting, especially when presented as the big show of the year, was hardly justified in an institution supposedly devoted to modern art. What they feel now that the Museum has again turned backward, this time to a ransacking of ruined pueblos and prehistoric burial grounds, is more than I can imagine. Certainly, if one takes last year's Mexican show into account, it does seem that we're rapidly reaching the somewhat paradoxical point of going to the Modern Museum mainly for instruction in vanished cultures, and the Museum of Natural History must be casting startled glances over its shoulder.



For all that, the exhibit is a highly interesting one, well organized and superbly presented, and though your reaction to it may depend to some extent on how much basketry and rug-weaving you can stand, there is less of that than you might anticipate, and really no more than necessary to develop the anthropological and cultural background of the exhibition. Against this, you'll find enough items of purely artistic value to occupy you. You'll see copies of amazingly vivid ancient wall paintings from the pueblos of the Southwest (on the third floor, where, chronologically, the exhibition begins) and some prehistoric stone carvings (from the same general region) which in their blocky form and brutally forceful expression are oddly reminiscent of the art of the Aztecs farther south. You'll see some handsome examples of Navajo silver and learn, perhaps with surprise (as I did), that this particular branch of Indian handicraft dates no further back than 1853, when a Captain Henry Dodge brought a Mexican silversmith to Fort Defiance, in the Navajo country, and he in turn taught his trade to an Indian named Atsidi Sani.

You'll see early engravings on shells and other materials by Indians of the Northwest Coast, whose linkages in style with both Oriental and Aztec art point again to the theory that this continent was first settled from Asia and suggest the path that migration followed. (There's an Iroquois mask from upper New York State so strongly Chinese in feeling as to hint that the migration, or at least its influence, may have extended very far eastward indeed.) And, of course, there are the blankets, the wampum, the buffalo robes and plumed bonnets, though these time-honored accoutrements of the redskin, it appears, are not typical of every tribe. As with all other primitive peoples, the art of the Indians grew directly from their way of life, and since the tribes were scattered over the continent, their cultures developed a variety of patterns.

It's the desert dwellers of the Southwest, for instance, primarily shepherds and farmers, who wove the blankets and made the pottery, while the feathered war bonnets, the painted buffalo robes and buckskin shields belonged to the huntsmen of the Plains, such as the Sioux, the Blood, the Blackfoot, and the Crow Indians. Theirs is one of the sections I think you'll want to linger longest over, not only for the fine "savage" feel their ornamentation carries but also because of the considerable artistry that went into it. Alone among all the Indians, the Plains tribes seem to have developed a true sense of movement and a directly pictorial quality in their designs, as distinguished from the formalized motifs of the other cultures, and there are a number of pieces in this department which reveal an amazing subtlety and finesse in their execution.

AS one who has occasionally complained in the past about the lackadaisical quality of some of the Whitney annuals, I take pleasure in reporting that the current one, of sculpture, water colors, and black-and-whites, seems to me a singularly lively and stimulating performance. In fact, I've so many things to praise about it that I hardly know where to begin. The sculpture, for instance—instead of being ranked two or three rows deep in the sculpture galleries, it's been disposed along the walls with taste and discretion or spotted as skillfully elsewhere, so such excellent pieces as José Ruiz de Rivera's sinuous

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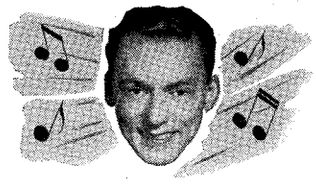

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abstraction called "Life," Minna Harkavy's "Negro Spiritual," and José de Creeft's fantastic "The Cloud" look superlative, and even such middling-good things as Louis Slobodkin's large nude "Shulamite" and Archipenko's smooth but tricky "Diagonal Torso" appear better than they ought to.

The black-and-whites too are fine—witness H. Oliver Albright's gauzy, Cézannesque landscape called "Chilnualna," Prentiss Taylor's dramatic study of a Negro baptism called "In Whom I Am Well Pleased," and Joseph Vogel's sharp, semi-abstract "Football"—and the water colors and gouaches, as a group, have all the sparkle and diversity of interest that the painting annual of a few months ago so sadly lacked. Even when the works in this group are bad, they're bad in a forthright fashion, while the really good pieces are almost too numerous for listing. I'll mention just three—Carlos Andreson's spirited snow scene called "Fox and Geese," Stuart Davis's "Inner Harbor," all alive with the uneasy movement of sunny sea water, and Oronzo Gasparo's rugged "Still Life"—as being perhaps the best in a show in which being the best really means something.

I WASN'T so pleased, unfortunately, with the loan exhibition of El Greco paintings they've got together at Knoedler for the benefit of the Greek War Relief Association. Seventeen canvases are in the group, and though there's no questioning the authenticity of any of them, only a few—among them a richly resonant "St. Peter" and a fine "St. Francis in Prayer"—have the deep, fervent fire and mystical tension which mark this master at his best. Homer sometimes nodded, they say, and I suppose El Greco can be allowed a slipup now and then. . . . At the Bignou are landscapes by nineteenth-century French painters in another benefit show, for the British War Relief Society. They range from Corot to Monet, and there are excellent pieces all along the line. The cream of the collection is the five Pissarros. Three are from his London period, and the others were done slightly earlier, around Paris, and I'd be hard put to it to choose a favorite among them. Together they represent this extraordinarily perceptive landscapist at just about his mature best. —ROBERT M. COATES

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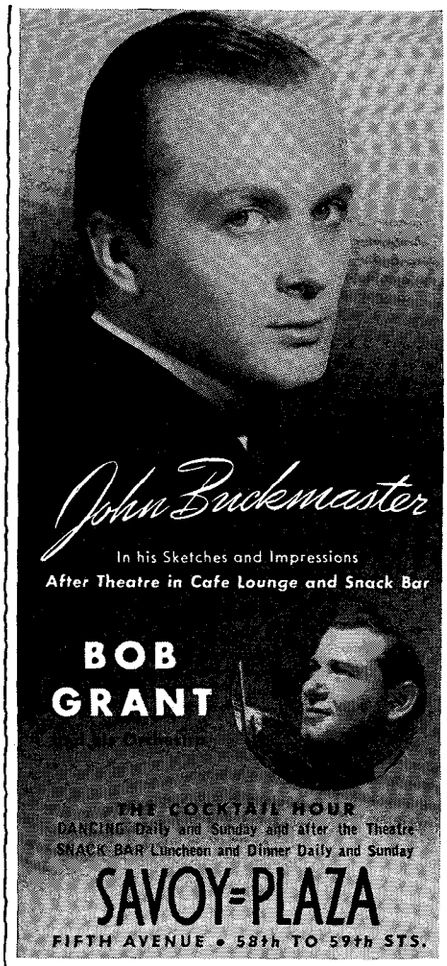
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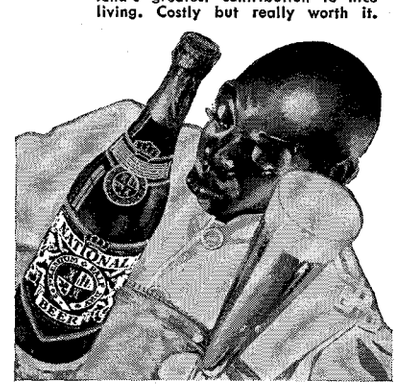

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DEPT. OF AMPLIFICATION AND CORRECTION

TWO SUTTON PLACE SOUTH
JANUARY 15, 1941

DEAR SIRS:

IN your article on Clare Boothe (Mrs. Henry R. Luce), your writer states: "Old plantation owners, unnerved by the splendor of modern Mepkin, are also perplexed by other customs the Luces have introduced to the South. For example, in the shooting season, Miss Boothe, who likes her shooting to be as plentiful as the next one's, persuades ducks and wild turkeys to fly over her blinds by the simple device of throwing out corn as bait. This is considered unsporting, but no one has ever complained about it."

This would not only be unsporting but it is against the federal laws and the state laws of South Carolina and is heavily punishable by fines.

To my certain personal knowledge, this statement that Mrs. Luce baits ducks is untrue. I have visited Mepkin often and have shot with the Luces. I am an old friend of Mepkin and you wrong the plantation as well as Mrs. Luce. Hunting customs are scrupulously followed there. You wrong Mepkin even to imply that you'd have to bait those marshes to get your limit of ducks. The old rice fields are wide and they are only shot over once or twice a week and two or three weeks in the year, so the ducks are plentiful. There are marshes at Mepkin that haven't been shot over in five years.

Furthermore, you not only do harm to the Luces in the eyes of their South Carolina neighbors but you harm the reputation of Mr. D. J. Martin, Superintendent of Mepkin, and all of the able help at the place by implying that they were accomplices to illegal baiting.

As to turkeys, I know there are plenty at Mepkin, but turkey-shooting is a pretty tedious sport and I can't recall Mrs. Luce ever shooting a turkey. I know she hasn't even hunted them for several years.

Incidentally, Mrs. Luce happens to be rather a good shot. She doesn't have to bait game to hold her own. I've seen her knock down her limit of doves neatly and within the fortnight I have applauded a half-dozen of her shots that brought high, fast-flying ducks down dead as I watched her from the next blind. On that particular morning, I remember, she shot her limit of ten ducks within an hour, using only thirty-odd shells. That is good going for a girl.

Sincerely yours,
DANIEL LONGWELL

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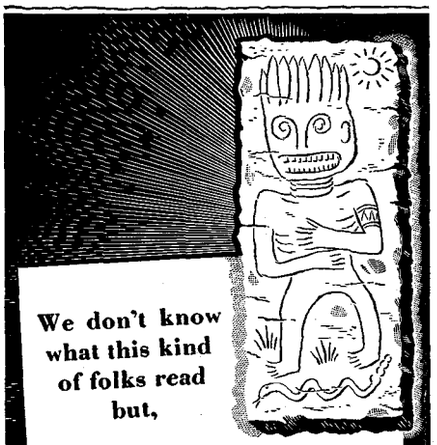

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Laughter and Landscape

AGAIN it's a week of only moderate excitement—in the movie houses, anyhow. The big, established successes, "Philadelphia Story" and "Night Train" and even old "Gone with the Wind," seem to go on and on, and hold their own against the arrival of the novelties. "Tall, Dark and Handsome," though, which has but this moment come to light, is something of a surprise. It's not a film to give anyone a great shock, to be sure, nor, which is possibly the unexpected element in it, does it try to jolt us. An underworld concoction, it's the very antithesis of a "High Sierra," and, far from rending our souls with horrors, it merely tickles our risibilities and is more than anything else a parody on the whole school of gunman films. Being well turned and briskly handled, it's a comical parody and in general quite successful.

A Chicago gangster (Cesar Romero) happens into a shop, is beguiled by a beautiful employee (Virginia Gilmore) in the nursery department, and hires her at once to take care of his son, or so he says. Actually he has no child, but that is a trivial problem for a man of his enterprise and he adopts one in a jiffy, unearthing the toughest youngster to appear on the screen since the first days of the Dead End Kids. Much of the liveliness of the picture depends upon the far from delicate disposition of this young man (a certain Stanley Clements), and there's a force in his performance which promises, I suppose, that he is destined to a career and that we shall see much of him as time goes on. Rival gangsters complicate the domestic scene, and Charlotte Greenwood lopes about as an old friend, adviser, entertainer, and chaperon. Her duties as chaperon, I might say, just to indicate the odd flavor of this particular low-life item, are demanding, for the lady of the story, the beautiful nurse, is an innocent thing, with the most honorable and maidenly ambition to be a feature of some nice, refined floor show. Through the good offices of her admirer, she has her chance in a night club which he controls, and, I thought, displays more aptitude for an entertainer's rôle than one might expect of a gentle governess. In fact, I wondered whether she might not in the end be a bit disappointed to find the gangster really has a heart of gold and rather than kill his enemies has even fixed up cozy quarters for them in his cellar.

PERHAPS Yankees should be advised to steer clear of "Virginia." They don't appear in a very good light in this romantic drama of the South. Sensitive Vermonters may be inclined at times to crawl under their seats and hang their heads in shame. We see Madeleine Carroll as the heiress of a Virginia estate who has lived in the North, has been interested in the theatre, and has so far forgotten the standards of her caste that when she comes into this property down South she plans to sell it simply because she hasn't a cent of cash to keep it up and pay the taxes. Running down there to Albemarle County, or wherever it may be, to look over the place, she gradually learns the error of her ways and at last sees clearly the shocking distinctions between the rich, sodden Yankee who has the presumption to buy an estate on one side of hers and the genuine Old South scion who lives in a shanty on the other. The picture is in Technicolor, and there are luxuriant green views of the countryside and glimpses of houses, designed by Thomas Jefferson, of course, which are indeed gems, what with their hanging staircases and their magnificent pilasters. As a travel folder or as an invitation to tourists, even Yankee tourists, to come and have a look—but not to stay—the movie does pretty well. I fear it doesn't manage quite so well when its plot gets tied up in knots, as it does now and again.

"THEY SPENT XMAS UNDER FIRE" is Quentin Reynolds' ten-minute notation on England, especially London, and the celebration of the recent holiday. Certainly its finale—its curtain, so to speak—a glimpse of the Underground and the Christmas trees there, is one of the most heart-stirring of the British *Blitz* reports.—JOHN MOSHER

•

Men wearing women's summer clothes are perfectly comfortable at a room temperature of 85 degrees.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

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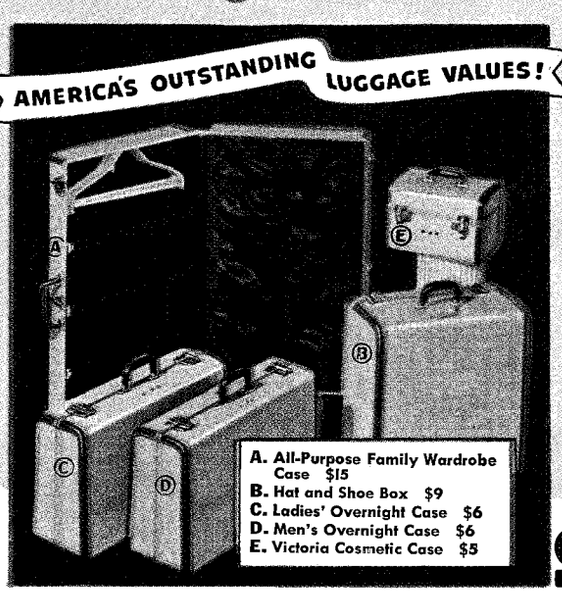

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BOOKS

Make Way for Marcus Goodrich

THE greatest taleteller I ever listened to is a man I used to know some ten years or twelve years ago, when the world was young. His tales were always of violent action overlaid by a passionate emotion. He held his audience mesmerized not only by the tensity of his fantastic narratives but by an extra infusion of feeling with which he charged that suspense. Above all things he wanted to be a writer, but none of us was convinced he ever would be. He was, we thought, too good a talker. He saved nothing for the writing desk. I knew vaguely that he was at work on a long novel. As the years passed, publication was postponed again and again, and my conviction was, with regret, reinforced —the conviction that Marcus Goodrich would never finish that book.

Well, "Delilah" is here, and Marcus Goodrich has arrived, and I'm glad to have to take it all back. I don't know whether the book is worth the decade its composition has required—that's entirely the author's affair—but I am certain it is a remarkable work of art. Its defects are the defects of excessive vigor and of an overleaping imagination, which are perhaps preferable to the anemic virtues of caution. If 1941 gives us a better first novel by an American, it will be a year of wonders.

"Delilah" is the story of a United States destroyer, plying southern Pacific waters during the six months preceding the entry of this country into the first World War. But it dates not a whit. It is Mr. Goodrich's good, and our poor world's evil, fortune that his novel, passionately celebrating the beauty and power of a great engine of destruction, should appear precisely when our minds are by necessity concerned with such things. Let there be no mistake; though Mr. Goodrich is no flag-waver, his book deals with military, or rather naval, virtues. No actual battles are described, yet this is a story, at times almost a poem, about war and the traditions of fighting men, which are much the same in any age. It is a sternly masculine book. It has but one heroine, formed of steel, and her name is Delilah.

One comparison leaps immediately to mind—one the author himself, I'm sure, would hail with satisfaction: a comparison with "Moby Dick." Just as "Moby Dick" is not about a group of characters but about a whale (for Ahab, in a sense, is part of the whale), so "Delilah" is not about a group of characters but about a ship. Both are stories about a passion, both are written in deliberately elevated prose, both are alive with symbolism, both are exultantly tragic. I do not suggest that Mr. Goodrich is another Melville, for he is not, but the preoccupations of the two men are the same, and there is much in the form and movement of "Delilah" that inevitably recalls Melville's masterpiece. In "Delilah," for example, the passages describing the intricate and powerful machinery of a modern destroyer take the place of Melville's technical rhapsodies on the whale. Mr. Goodrich's captain, with his fanatical, unverbalized love for his ship and his crew, is a smaller Ahab, with his fanatical hatred of Moby Dick. One could point out a dozen other resemblances, not one of which would detract from the integrity of Mr. Goodrich's work.

Because this is the story of the life led by a destroyer, it does not have a consecutive plot in the conventional manner. The major line of development, if there is a major line, rises out of a strange, triangular relationship between Warrington, a sensitive young seaman; O'Connel, a mad Irishman; and Lieutenant Fitzpatrick. To Warrington, life aboard the Delilah is a kind of mystical penance, a necessary Calvary whose agonies are assuaged only by his friendships with the animal O'Connel and the spiritual Fitzpatrick. But Mr. Goodrich is always ready to jettison this situation whenever it threatens to overshadow his real preoccupation, Delilah herself.

The men who make up part of the personality of the ship are delineated always in action, generally violent action, and these actions in some cases form perfect short stories, such as the great, climactic narrative in which O'Connel goes berserk and the weird episode in which Lieutenant Woodbridge leads a detachment up an underground river somewhere in the Philippines. And there is one set piece—the story of the monk and the fiendish Mr. Parker, whom nothing but music could subdue—which has, I fear, nothing at all to do with the novel but which Conrad or Maugham would have given a finger or so to have written.

"Delilah" betrays two technical faults. It falls into episodes, often enthralling in themselves but not always helpful in projecting the book's central emotion. It is overwritten in spots and charged at times with a theatricalism that misses its mark. But, as I said, these are the defects of richness, and they are not fatal. This is, all things considered, a mature work of imagination on a subject ordinarily left to writers of adventure yarns. It cannot fail to make its author's reputation.

A SOUND, sweet little story, a butternut of a novel, is George Sessions Perry's "Hold Autumn in Your Hand." It's a miniature "Grapes of Wrath" seen through optimistic glasses, with the sturdy virtues of a bold peas-

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antry, their country's pride, overcoming such obstacles as poverty, storms, malevolence, disease, cows with bloated stomachs, and plain backbreaking labor. With exceptions as hereunder noted, this is projected lightly, with hearty humor (warning: occasionally scatological) and sentiment. "Hold Autumn in Your Hand"—these poetic titles are slowly driving me mad—leaves you with a pleasant feeling in your mind and heart.

It's about a Texas farmer and his family, who decide to take on the great burden of farming, all by themselves, a large strip of cotton field owned by a big landholder. Always on the verge of going under, Sam and his silent, heroic wife, Nona, never quite do, though their obstacles include pellagra and a nasty old grandmother who is an open invitation to homicide. The story has a Robinson Crusoe quality; it conveys the excitement that comes of watching a person, starting with nothing, gradually work himself into self-sufficiency. Each packet of food that Sam brings back from town adds to what the author calls "the feeling of fortification."

Mr. Perry's heart is in the right place, so you are apt to overlook the fact that his hand slips more than once. When Sam and his folks talk, or when their thoughts are directly laid out for you, the book is genuine and charming. But when Mr. Perry steps in himself and treats himself,-as he does continually, to a nice burst of bad poetry, the narrative sounds phony. "Sam was a river man. And while he could have drawn a precise map of this river's course in detail, in his mind, he did not, preferring to go on thinking of the river as something dark and cool and undulant with mystery, a gauzy shirt to be worn instead of a pill to be taken." If Sam ever thought of his river as undulant with mystery, step right up and call me a gauzy shirt.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

NOT FOR THE MEEK, by Elizabeth Dewing Kaup. Life story of a steel magnate. The author brings him to the United States from Denmark in the eighties; he rises to wealth and power as an associate of Carnegie and the elder Morgan, and later becomes independent of them. In the course of a long life, ending in 1940, he experiences nearly everything, accumulates a family of children and grandchildren, and takes depressions, wars, and labor troubles in his stride.

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Since the story is told as a review by an old man of a full life, it has an air of omniscience that is sometimes overdone, but on the whole it makes a readable and interesting novel.

THE REMARKABLE ANDREW, by Dalton Trumbo. Amusing tale of a bookkeeper whose books, through no fault of his own, won't balance. His difficulties are handily solved by the ghosts of most of the Founding Fathers and General Andrew Jackson, who, besides giving him expert pointers at his trial for embezzlement, do some useful eavesdropping on the real crooks. Full of pointed comments on current matters.

JENNIFER, by Janet Whitney. Life in the English prison colony of New South Wales in the early nineteenth century. The story of a beautiful girl unjustly convicted of murder, and her trials with an unscrupulous fortune-hunter and a harsh master. Some interesting local data and a good deal of melodrama, including a convict rebellion. Just the thing for Miss Bette Davis.

FANNY BY GASLIGHT, by Michael Sadleir. A Victorian period piece, the reminiscences of the natural daughter of an English gentleman. Her foster father runs a high-class gambling house, she is secretary to the madam of an elegant brothel, and her lover is killed in a duel. All of which gives Mr. Sadleir opportunity to describe in somewhat lush detail the un-Victorian sex mores of Victorian times.

GENERAL

CHINA SHALL RISE AGAIN, by Mayling Soong Chiang (Madame Chiang Kai-shek). China's woman leader discusses free speech, mass education, women's work, the New Life Movement, and the like, criticizes her countrymen's vices, and points out that "the negative attitude" of the democracies has caused China to lose faith in them. The book also contains ten articles by Chinese officials on the conduct of the war with Japan, including an interesting report on the industrial coöperatives in the western provinces. Introduction by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

IN CHINA NOW, by Winifred Galbraith. Twenty-five stories and vignettes of the common people of China in wartime, by an English missionary who has worked among them for fifteen years. Neatly turned and vivid with sympathy for the friendliness and courage of the Chinese.

THE DEFEAT OF CHAOS, by Sir George

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Paish. A veteran British economist examines the postwar prospects of the major countries and argues for "a great family of nations" founded on universal free trade, restoration of the gold standard, fixed currency ratios, and the opening-up of undeveloped areas in Africa, Asia, and South America. Rather naïve politically.

JOURNEY TO THE WORLD'S END, by Hakon Mielche, translated from the Danish by M. A. Michael. A young Danish explorer takes ship to Tierra del Fuego, gets acquainted with its people and its lonely islands, and rounds Cape Horn in a battered twenty-five-foot cutter. Just about as witty and original a travel book as you are likely to find. Marginal sketches by the author.

ROBESPIERRE AND THE FOURTH ESTATE, by Ralph Korngold. The author sets out to prove that "the amazing sanguinary legend" of Robespierre has "no basis in fact" and that he, perhaps more than any other leader of the French Revolution, devoted himself to the interests of the working class. A dramatic biography, in which the confused issues of the time are made clear. Some of them are not so very different from our own problems. Introduction by Professor Crane Brinton. Illustrated.

OUR CONSTITUTION: TOOL OR TESTAMENT?, by Beryl Harold Levy. A New York lawyer studies the personalities and opinions of four famous Justices of the Supreme Court—Marshall, Taney, Holmes, and Brandeis—and concludes that we have a government of both laws and men. Not easy reading, but a provocative book. Introduction by Attorney General Robert H. Jackson.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A GENTLEMAN HANGS, by John Dollond. John Smiling, author and sleuth, finds a man hanged by his old school braces, and works away happily until he puts the finger on the cad who did it. There are many scenes in which Scotland Yard mulls over clues and alibis, but the tale is neatly told.

•

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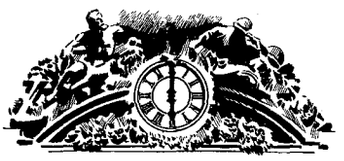

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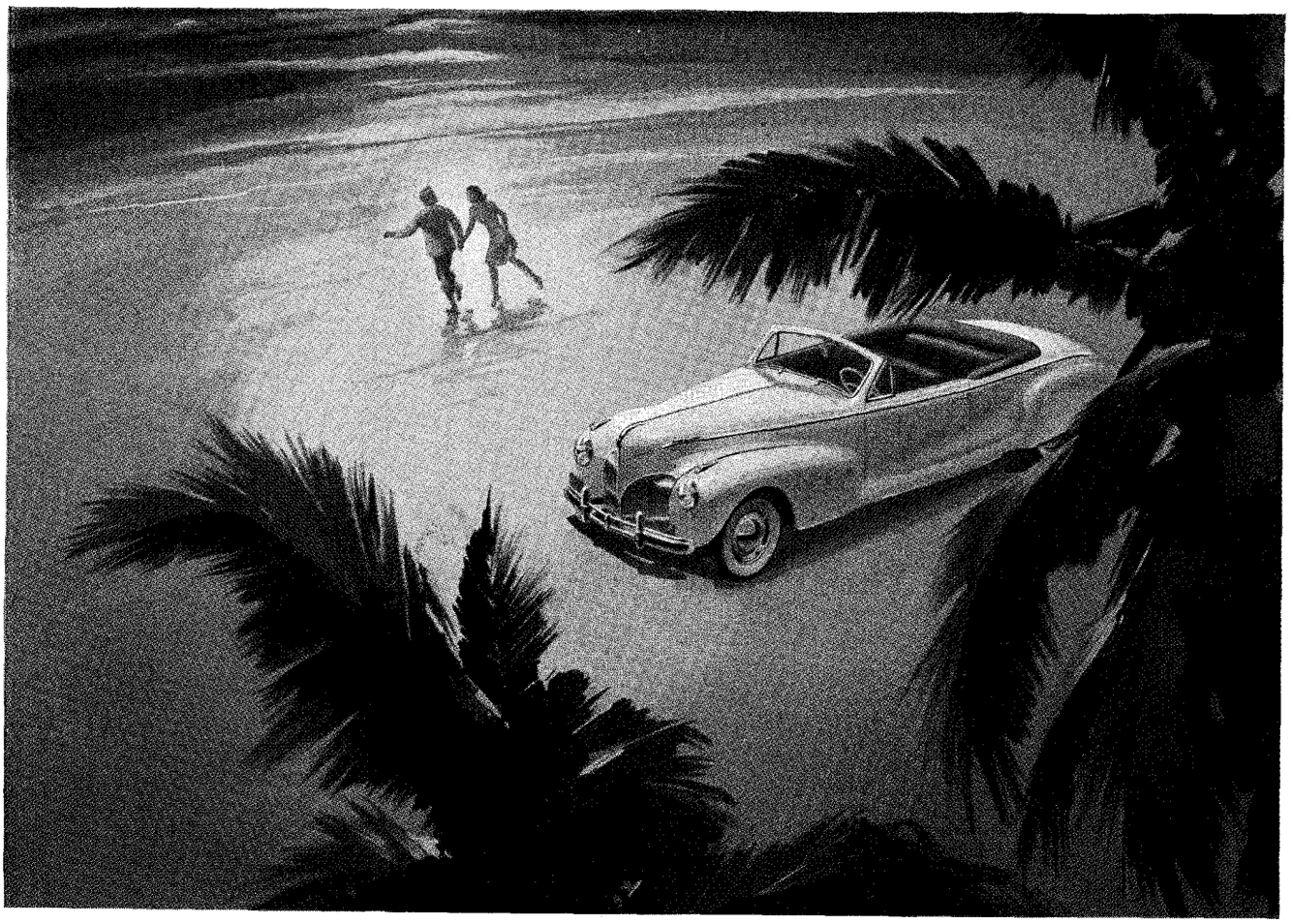

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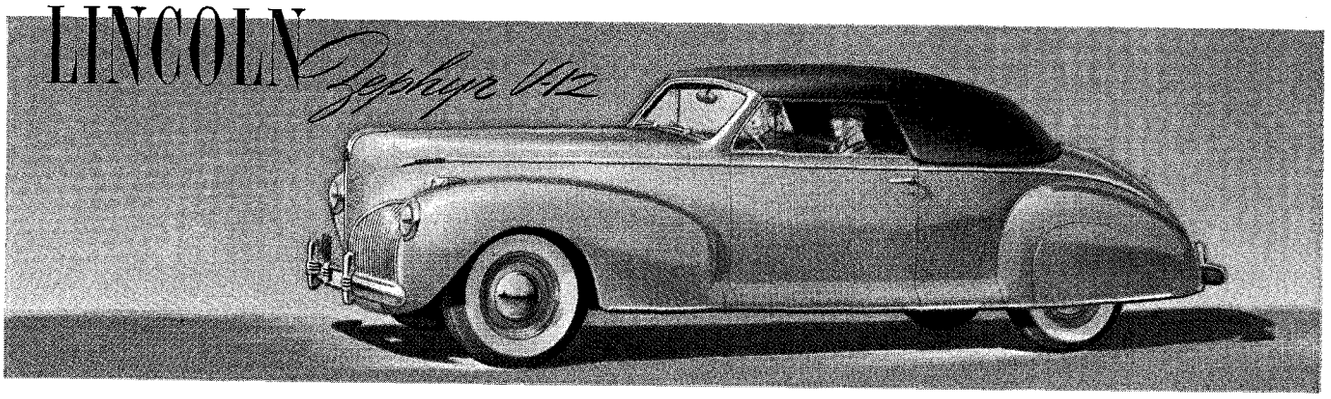

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